NO. 5

Land of the Lost COMICS

M-DIS

BRINGING YOU MANY OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS FROM THE COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAM- "LAND OF THE LOST!"

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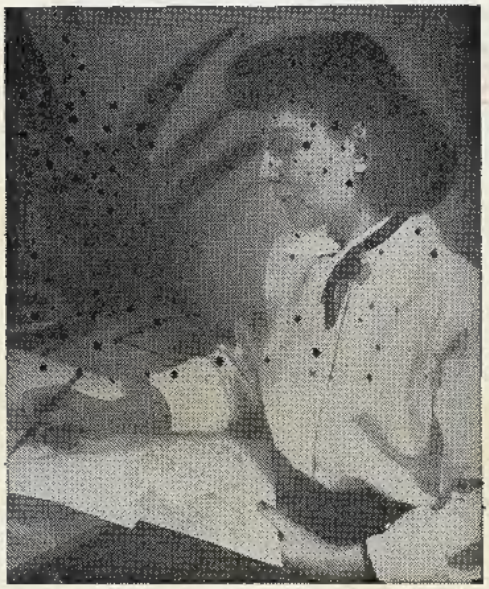

Olive Bailey —the gifted artist who illustrates LAND OF THE LOST COMICS!

Dear Boys and Girls:

We are all grateful for the hundreds of letters we are receiving from readers all over the country telling how much you like LAND OF THE LOST COMICS!

Working on these magazines has been as enjoyable to me as any of the children's books which I have illustrated---and I hope that you have as much fun reading LAND OF THE LOST COMICS as I have in drawing them!

Olive Bailey

IN THIS ISSUE:

It seems that the villainous Spondo has hatched an evil scheme to overthrow Father Time and take control of the Land of the Lost. Isabel and Billy come face-to-face with this rebellion in THE DEN OF THE DEVILFISH!

Someone has stolen the great Samarkand Ruby! The clams are the only witnesses to the crime — and Inspector J. Edgar Bullfish can't make them open up and say a word about THE FISH SCHOOL AND JEWEL ROBBERY!

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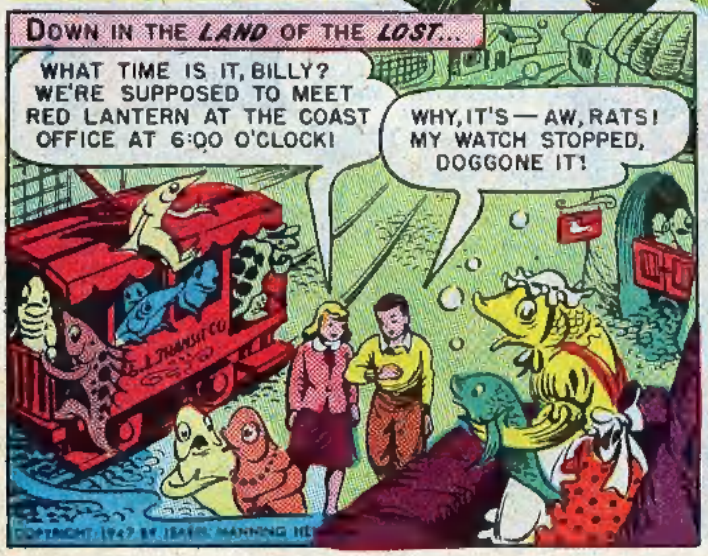
Land of the Lost

THERE'S QUITE A REBELLION IN THE CURRENT, DOWN UNDER THE SEA! SEEMS THAT SPONDO, THE EVIL RINGLEADER OF THE PLOT, PLANS TO ELIMINATE HIS BOSS, FATHER TIME!

WITH THEIR MAGIC SEAWEED, ISABEL AND BILLY TRAVEL DOWN TO THE *LAND* OF THE *LOST* — AND MEET WITH A NUMBER OF SURPRISES WHEN THEY COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH....

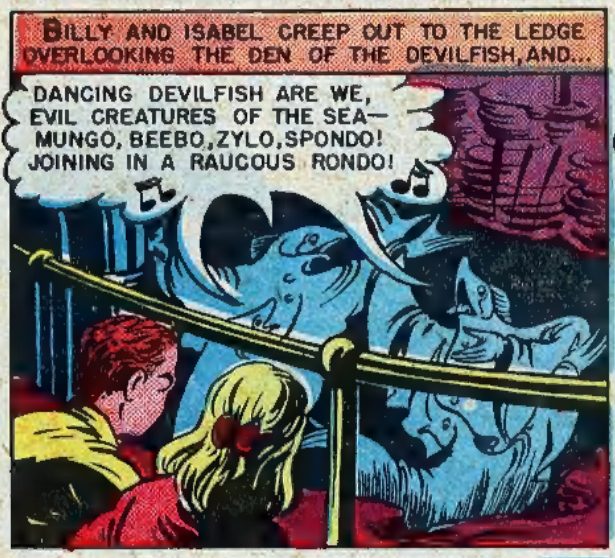
THE DEN OF THE DEVILFISH

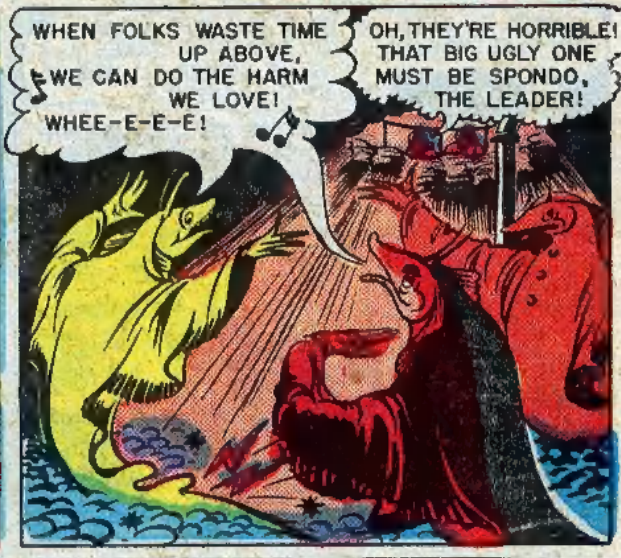


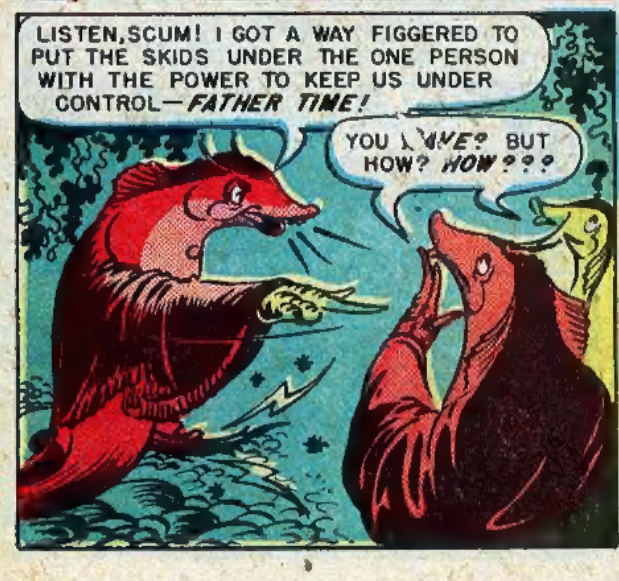
IN THE PASSAGE OF TIME...
DON'T BE A SISSY, ISABEL! THE MINUTORIUM'S A PERFECTLY SAFE PLACE.
OH, BILLY—LISTEN TO THE CLOCKS...
TICK, TOCK! TICK, TOCK!
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! MEN MAY COME AND MEN MAY GO WATCH-ES MAY BE FAST OR SLOW, TIME GOES ON FOR-EV-ER!
TICK, TOCK, TICK, TOCK!
OOOH! THIS IS A SPOOKY PLACE.
HERE'S THE END OF THE PASSAGE. OH, BOY! THE GOOD OLD MINUTORIUM!
THE MINUTORIUM!
IT HASN'T CHANGED A BIT SINCE DEAR OLD FATHER TIME SHOWED 'US AROUND!
NO-EXCEPT THAT THE MINUTOMETER OVER THERE ISN'T REGISTERING AS MANY LOST MINUTES AS IT USED TO!
TO DEVILFISH
REMEMBER FATHER TIME TOLD US ALL THE WASTED ENERGY THE LOST MINUTES CONTAIN PASSES THROUGH THE MINUTOMETER DOWN TO THE DEVILFISH'S DEN—AND THEY USE IT TO WHIP UP STORMS AND ALL THAT.
SUDDENLY!
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
HOT ZIGGITY! IT'S ONLY FIVE BELLS. I'LL SET MY WATCH AND...
BILLY! IT'S THE DEVILFISH!
HA HA HA
TO DEVILFISH
HEEE!
2

GOOD NEWS, GANG! HA HA HEEE! THIS IS *THE DAY WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!*
BILLY, I'M SCARED! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!
SSSSSH! WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

WE'LL GET THE OLD MAN, ALL RIGHT! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! HA HEEEE!
OLD MAN? HE MUST MEAN FATHER TIME! THOSE DEVIL-FISH ARE PLANNING TO DO HIM DIRT! LET'S GO LISTEN...
Y-YES—BUT BE CAREFUL!


BILLY AND ISABEL CREEP OUT TO THE LEDGE OVERLOOKING THE DEN OF THE DEVILFISH, AND...
DANCING DEVILFISH ARE WE, EVIL CREATURES OF THE SEA— MUNGO, BEEBO, ZYLO, SPONDO! JOINING IN A RAUCOUS RONDO!

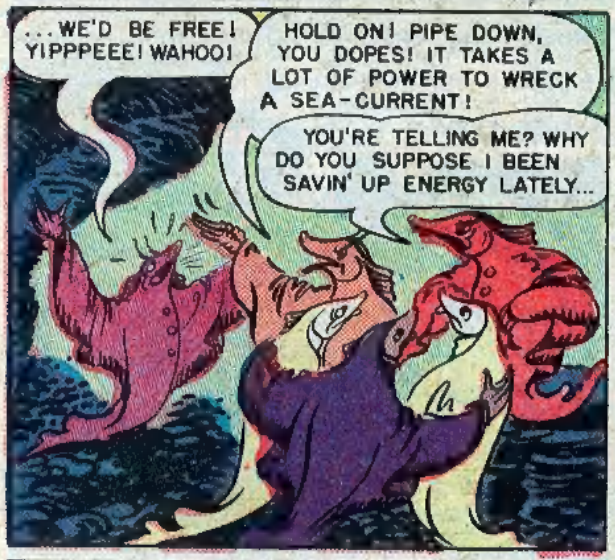

WHEN FOLKS WASTE TIME UP ABOVE, WE CAN DO THE HARM WE LOVE! WHEE-E-E-E!
OH, THEY'RE HORRIBLE! THAT BIG UGLY ONE MUST BE SPONDO, THE LEADER!

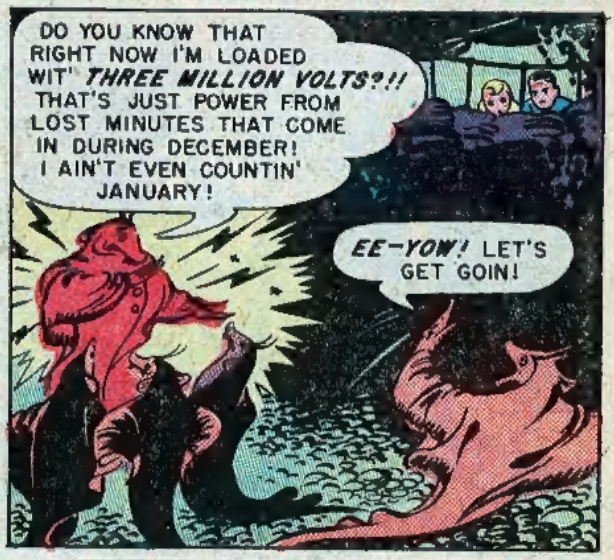

LISTEN, SCUM! I GOT A WAY FIGGERED TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER THE ONE PERSON WITH THE POWER TO KEEP US UNDER CONTROL—*FATHER TIME!*
YOU *KNOW?* BUT HOW? *HOW???*

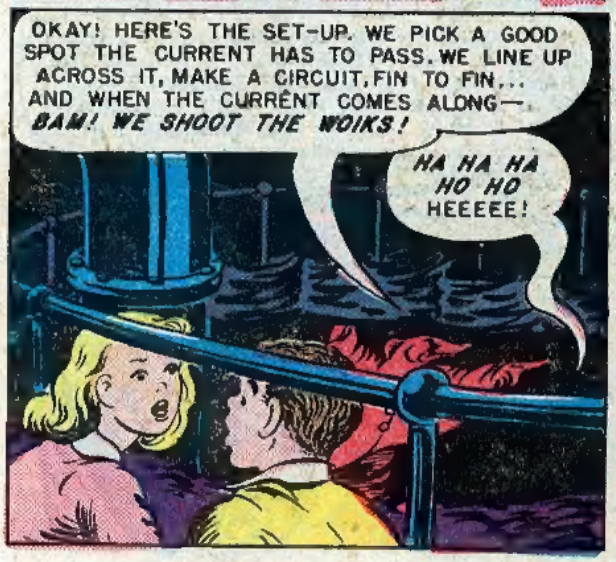
JUST COUNT ON ME—*SPONDO!* AIN'T I THE BRAINS O' THIS OUTFIT? DON'T I ACT AS THE TRANSMITTER FOR ALL THE ENERGY STORED UP IN THE MINUTOMETER? AIN'T I CHARGED WITH IT NOW TILL I'M POSITIVELY SIZZLIN?

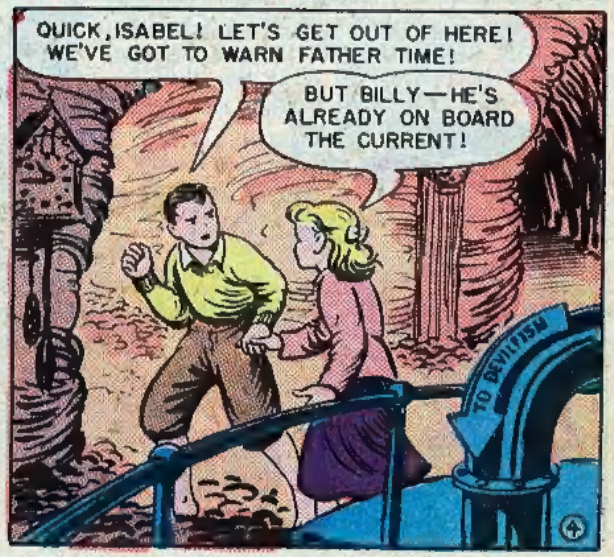
GET THIS! FATHER TIME COMES DOWN HERE ONCE A MONTH TO CHECK ON THE LOST MINUTES. HE'S DUE TODAY! BUT WHAT'S HE COMIN' ON? HOW DOES HE TRAVEL?
THAT'S ONE O' HIS PESKY SECRETS!

YEAH---BUT I BEEN CHECKIN' UP! THERE'S ONE SEA CURRENT THAT STOPS HERE TODAY—THE CURRENT OF EVENTS! THE OLD MAN WILL BE ON IT! NOW IF WE COULD *WRECK* THAT CURRENT...


...WE'D BE FREE! YIPPPEEE! WAHOO!
HOLD ON! PIPE DOWN, YOU DOPES! IT TAKES A LOT OF POWER TO WRECK A SEA-CURRENT!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE I BEEN SAVIN' UP ENERGY LATELY...


DO YOU KNOW THAT RIGHT NOW I'M LOADED WIT' *THREE MILLION VOLTS?!!* THAT'S JUST POWER FROM LOST MINUTES THAT COME IN DURING DECEMBER! I AIN'T EVEN COUNTIN' JANUARY!
EE-YOW! LET'S GET GOIN!


OKAY! HERE'S THE SET-UP. WE PICK A GOOD SPOT THE CURRENT HAS TO PASS. WE LINE UP ACROSS IT, MAKE A CIRCUIT, FIN TO FIN... AND WHEN THE CURRENT COMES ALONG— *BAM! WE SHOOT THE WOIKS!*
HA HA HA HO HO HEEEEE!


QUICK, ISABEL! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'VE GOT TO WARN FATHER TIME!
BUT BILLY—HE'S ALREADY ON BOARD THE CURRENT!
TO BEVITISM

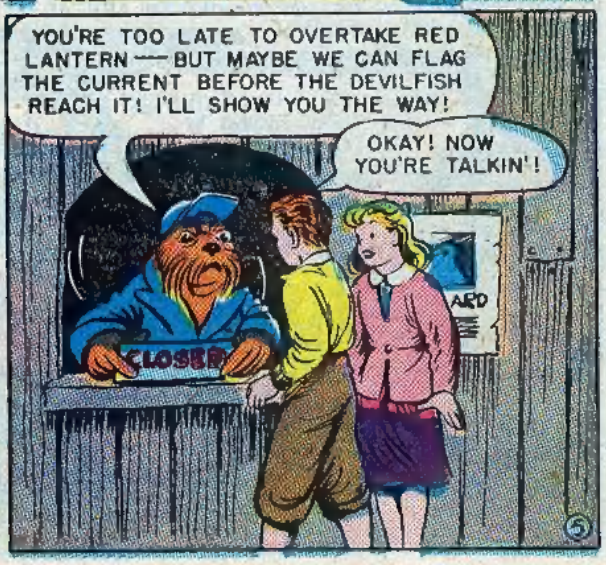
RED LANTERN'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO— IF WE CAN ONLY GET TO HIM FAST ENOUGH! COME ON! LET'S BEAT IT TO THE COAST OFFICE!

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE COAST OFFICE...
THERE'S THE COAST MASTER! ASK HIM!
HERE'S TWO SPECIAL SEA-LIVERY STAMPS, SIR!
WANTED
REW

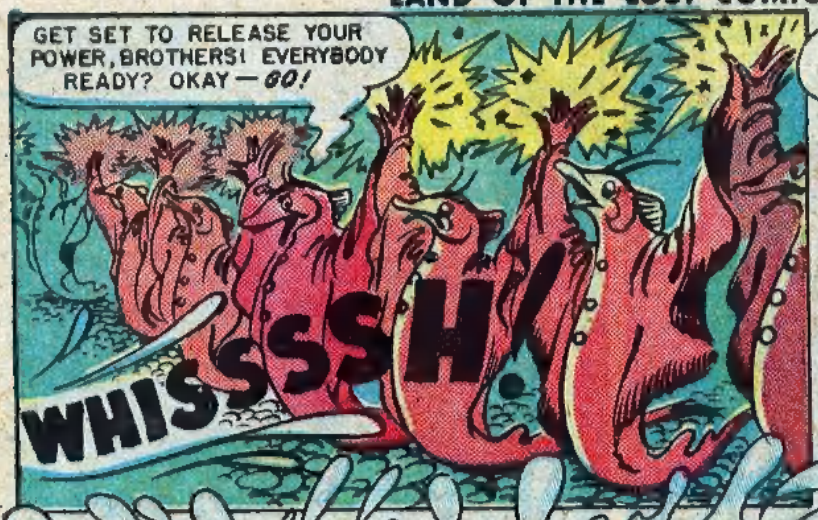
SORRY, LANDLUBBER— URK! NO MAIL FOR YOU TODAY! URK!
THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE AFTER, MR. SEAL! WE'RE LOOKING FOR RED LANTERN!

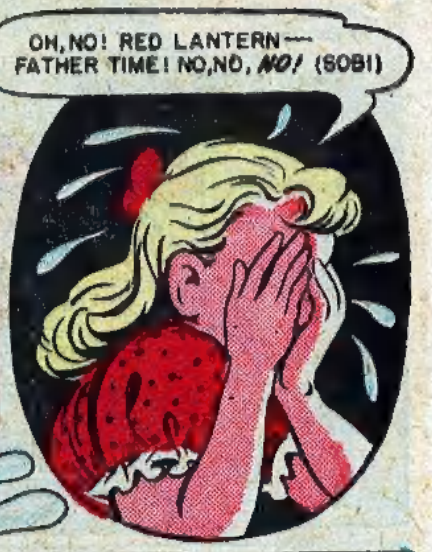
RED WENT OUT TO HOP THE CURRENT OF EVENTS— URK!— BEYOND BARNACLE BEND! SEEMS SOMEBODY'S ARRIVIN' ON IT THAT...
OH, DEAR! THE CURRENT OF EVENTS! THE DEVIL-FISH WILL KILL RED LANTERN AND FATHER TIME TOO!

WRECK THE CURRENT? HO, HO! SOMEONE'S BEEN FEEDING YOU FISH STORIES! CLAM DOWN, YOU KIDS!
CLAM DOWN, MY AUNT MINNIE! RED LANTERN AND FATHER TIME ARE HEADING FOR TERRIBLE DANGER —AND THEY DON'T KNOW IT!


YOU'RE TOO LATE TO OVERTAKE RED LANTERN— BUT MAYBE WE CAN FLAG THE CURRENT BEFORE THE DEVILFISH REACH IT! I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!
OKAY! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!
CLOSED
AED

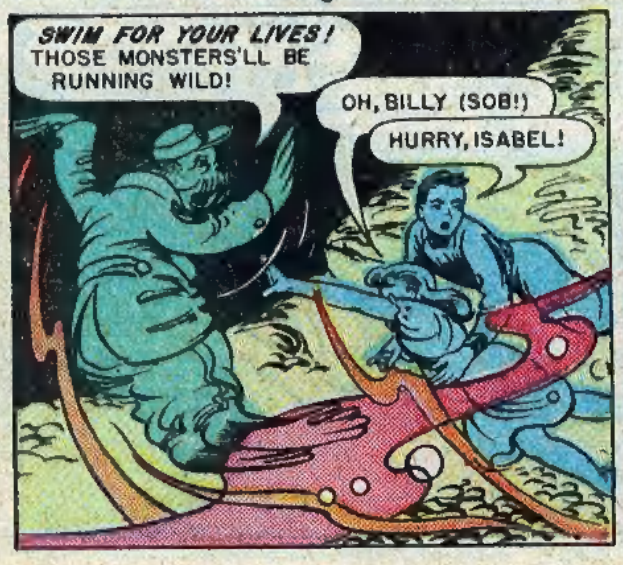
WITH THE COAST MASTER LEADING THE WAY, SOON THEY ARRIVE AT A GULLY NEAR BARNACLE BEND...

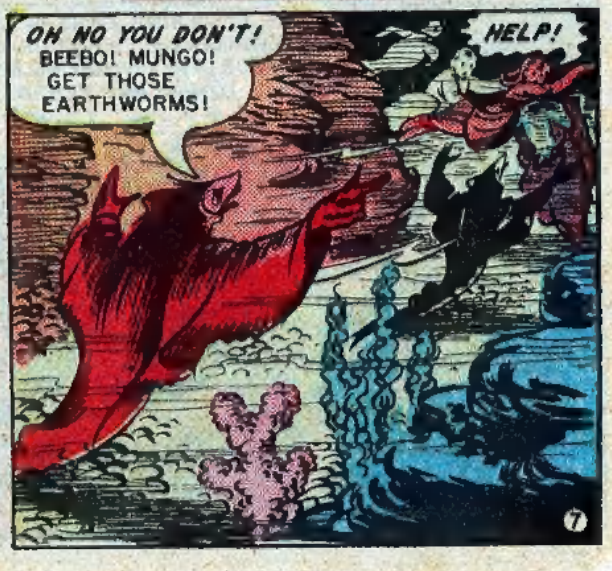

GET SET TO RELEASE YOUR POWER, BROTHERS! EVERYBODY READY? OKAY — GO!
WHISSSSH!


OH, NO! RED LANTERN — FATHER TIME! NO, NO, NO! (SOB!)

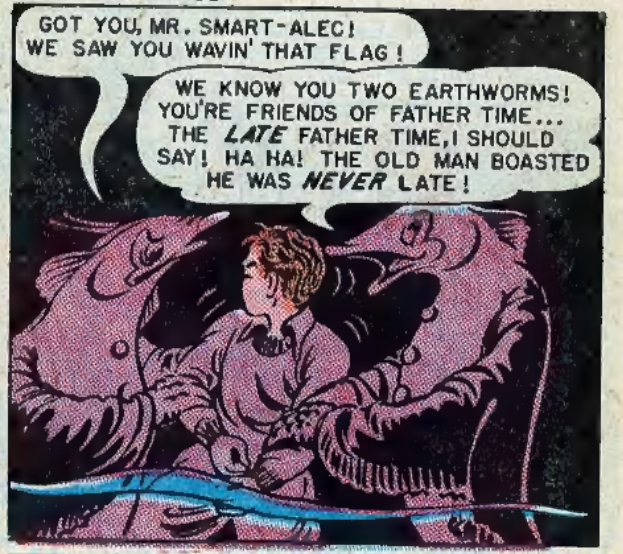
WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE WRECKED THE CURRENT! AND HOW! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! NOT EVEN THE OLD MAN'S HOUR-GLASS! WE'RE FREE!

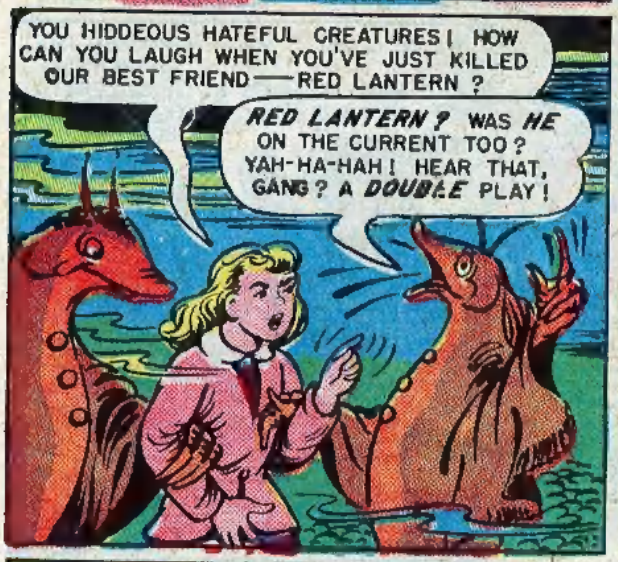
WHOOOM!

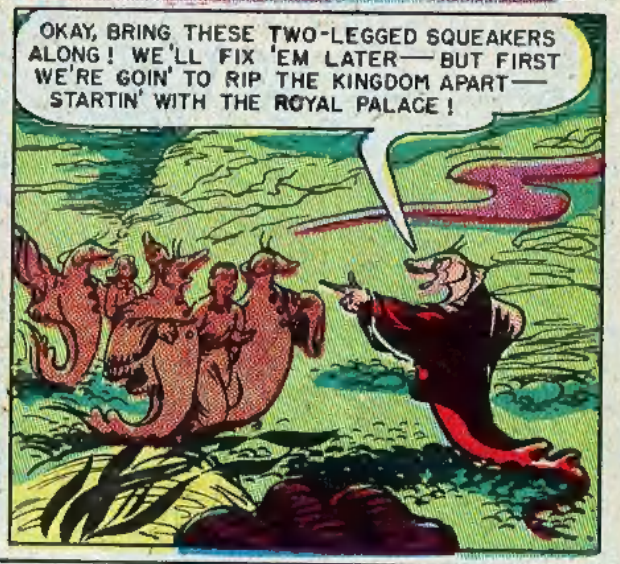

SWIM FOR YOUR LIVES! THOSE MONSTERS'LL BE RUNNING WILD!
OH, BILLY (SOB!)
HURRY, ISABEL!


OH NO YOU DON'T! BEEBO! MUNGO! GET THOSE EARTHWORMS!
HELP!

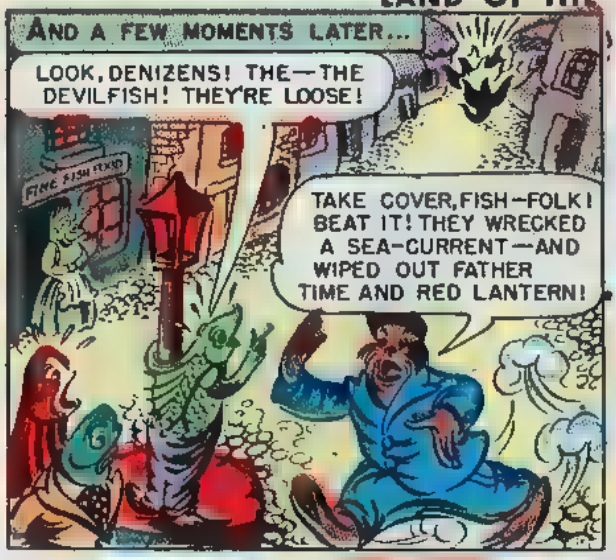
OHHHH—BILLY—HELP ME!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY SISTER!

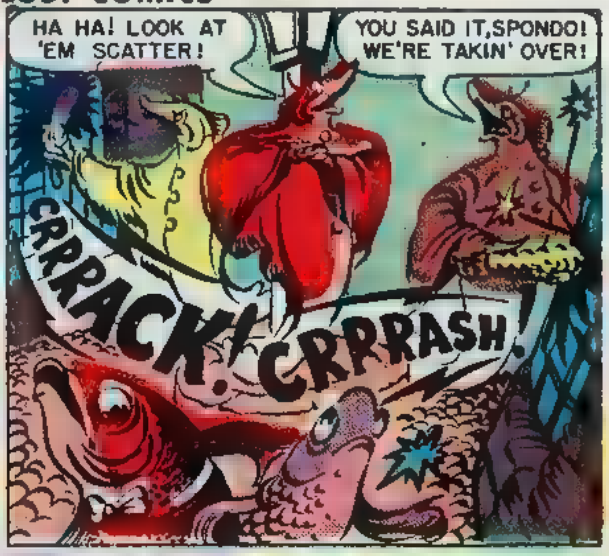

GOT YOU, MR. SMART-ALEC! WE SAW YOU WAVIN' THAT FLAG!
WE KNOW YOU TWO EARTHWORMS! YOU'RE FRIENDS OF FATHER TIME... THE *LATE* FATHER TIME, I SHOULD SAY! HA HA! THE OLD MAN BOASTED HE WAS *NEVER* LATE!

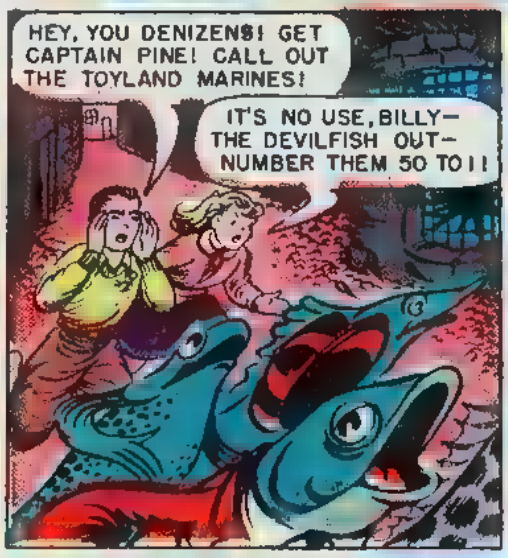

YOU HIDDEOUS HATEFUL CREATURES! HOW CAN YOU LAUGH WHEN YOU'VE JUST KILLED OUR BEST FRIEND—RED LANTERN?
RED LANTERN? WAS *HE* ON THE CURRENT TOO? YAH-HA-HAH! HEAR THAT, GANG? A *DOUBLE* PLAY!

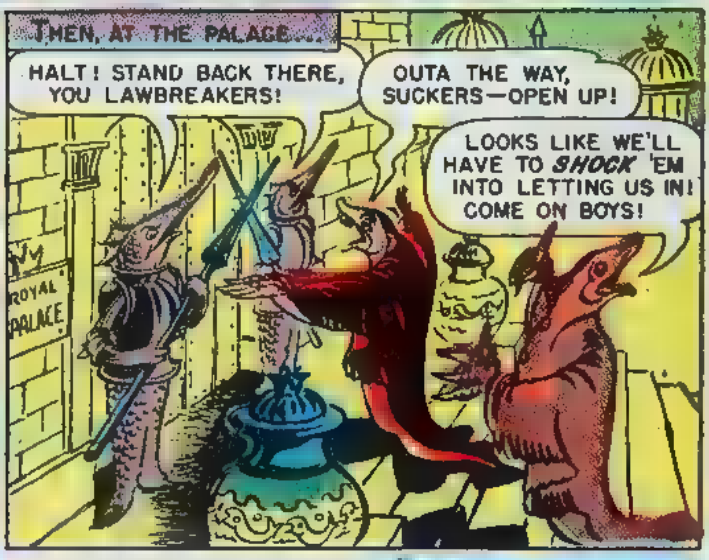

OKAY, BRING THESE TWO-LEGGED SQUEAKERS ALONG! WE'LL FIX 'EM LATER—BUT FIRST WE'RE GOIN' TO RIP THE KINGDOM APART—STARTIN' WITH THE ROYAL PALACE!

THE DEVILFISH GANG IS ON THE LOOSE—*SC-RAM! SC-RAM!* JUST WATCH THE DENIZENS ALL VAMOOSE—THEY'LL TAKE IT ON THE LAM! FOR THEY KNOW IT GIVES US FEARFUL JOY TO PILLAGE PLUNDER AND DESTROY!


AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK, DENIZENS! THE—THE DEVILFISH! THEY'RE LOOSE!
TAKE COVER, FISH-FOLK! BEAT IT! THEY WRECKED A SEA-CURRENT—AND WIPED OUT FATHER TIME AND RED LANTERN!


HA HA! LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER!
YOU SAID IT, SPONDO! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER!
CRRACK!
CRRRASH!

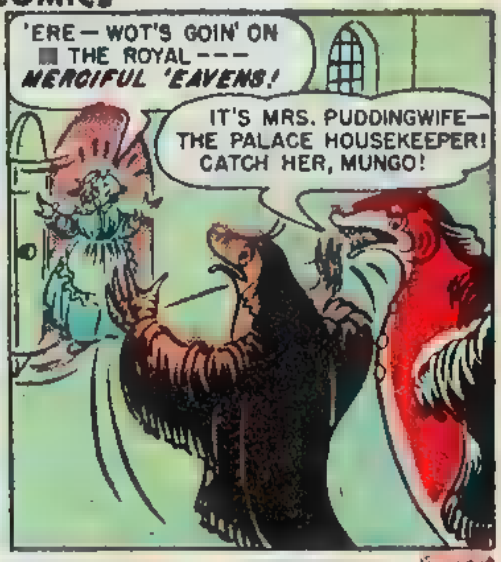

HEY, YOU DENIZENS! GET CAPTAIN PINE! CALL OUT THE TOYLAND MARINES!
IT'S NO USE, BILLY—THE DEVILFISH OUT-NUMBER THEM 50 TO 1!


THEN, AT THE PALACE...
HALT! STAND BACK THERE, YOU LAWBREAKERS!
OUTA THE WAY, SUCKERS—OPEN UP!
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO SHOCK 'EM INTO LETTING US IN! COME ON BOYS!
ROYAL PALACE

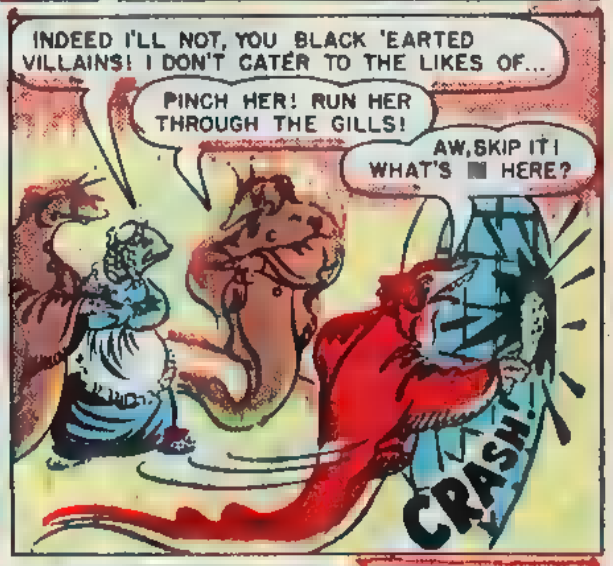
TAKE THIS! HA, HA, HEEEE!
AGH! (GROAN!)

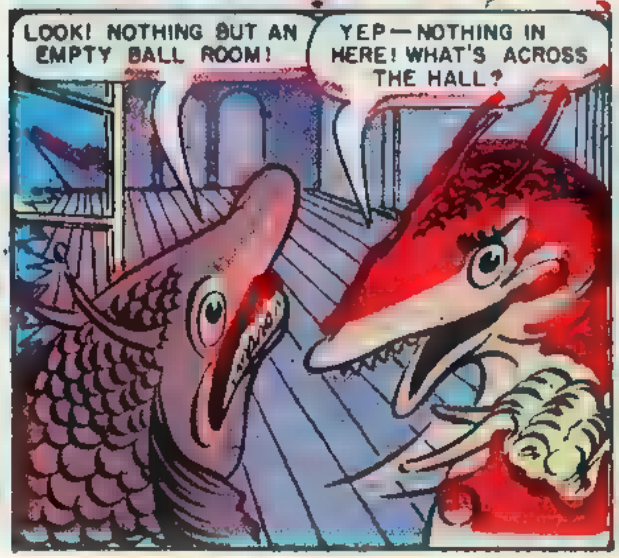
OH, BILLY! THOSE WICKED DEVILFISH—THEY'RE STILL FULL OF ELECTRIC POWER, FROM THE MINUTOMETER!
THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER! ALL RIGHT, BOYS! IN WE GO!

INSIDE THE PALACE...
YAHOO! HOW'S THIS FOR A CLASSY JOINT, HORNSWOGGLERS?
HELP YOURSELVES, RIFFRAFF. IT'S ALL OURS...

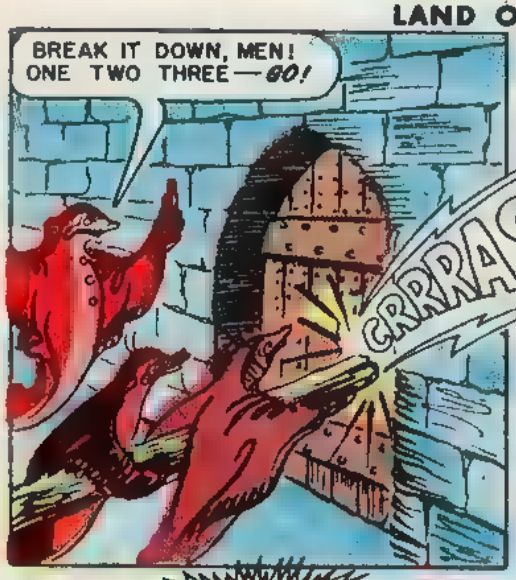

'ERE—WOT'S GOIN' ON ■ THE ROYAL--- MERCIFUL 'EAVENS!
IT'S MRS. PUDDINGWIFE—THE PALACE HOUSEKEEPER! CATCH HER, MUNGO!

OH, DON'T HURT HER!
'ELP! PO-LEECE!
CUT THE GAB, FATTY! LEAD US TO THE BRINE CELLAR!

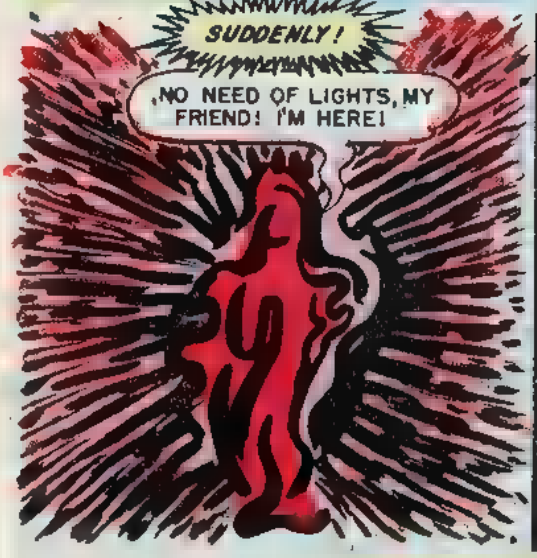

INDEED I'LL NOT, YOU BLACK 'EARTED VILLAINS! I DON'T CATER TO THE LIKES OF...
PINCH HER! RUN HER THROUGH THE GILLS!
AW, SKIP IT! WHAT'S ■ HERE?
CRASH!

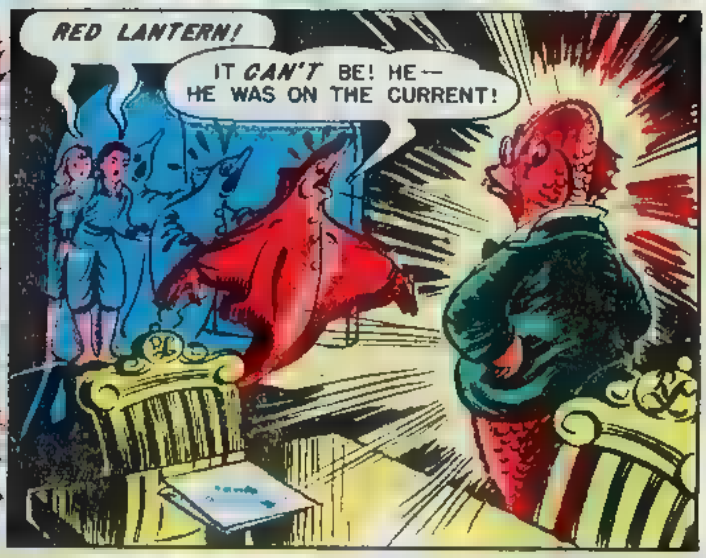

LOOK! NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY BALL ROOM!
YEP—NOTHING IN HERE! WHAT'S ACROSS THE HALL?

YOU KEEP OUT OF THERE! THAT'S RED LANTERN'S COUNCIL CHAMBER!
HE WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE!


BREAK IT DOWN, MEN! ONE TWO THREE—GO!
CRRRASH!

GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE!
YEAH—TURN ON THE LIGHTS, SOMEBODY!

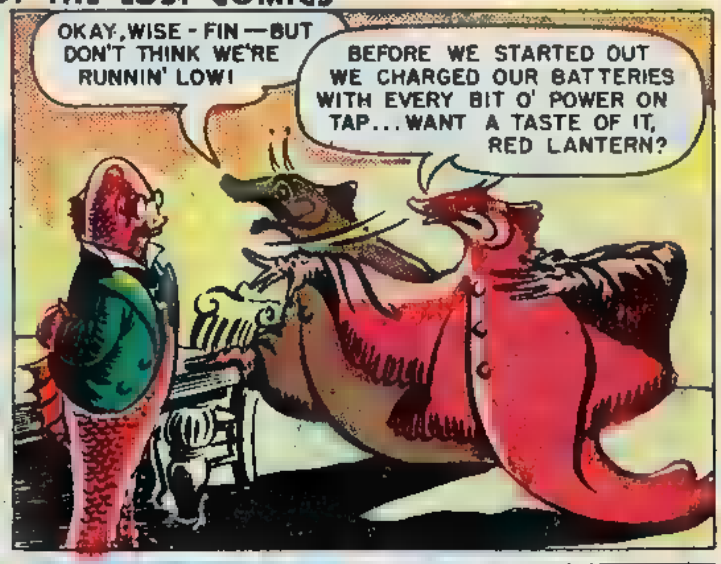

SUDDENLY!
NO NEED OF LIGHTS, MY FRIEND! I'M HERE!


RED LANTERN!
IT CAN'T BE! HE—HE WAS ON THE CURRENT!

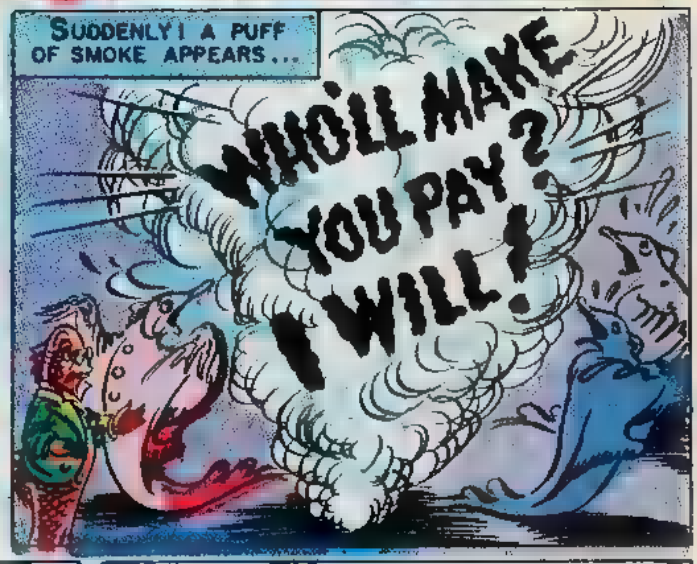
YOU THOUGHT I WAS ON THE CURRENT, SPONDO!
IT'S A TRAP! THEM EARTH-KIDS WUZ LYIN'!
AND THE PUDDING-WIFE DAME WAS GIVIN' US THE COME-ON!

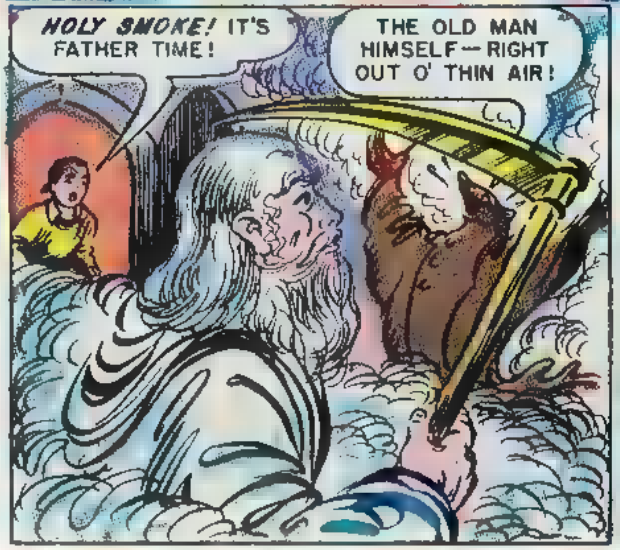
STOP BLATHERIN', YOU FOOLS! USE YOUR HEADS! WHAT IF RED LANTERN IS ALIVE? HE CAN'T DO NOTHIN' TO US! NOBODY CAN! WE'RE TOO MANY—AND TOO STRONG!

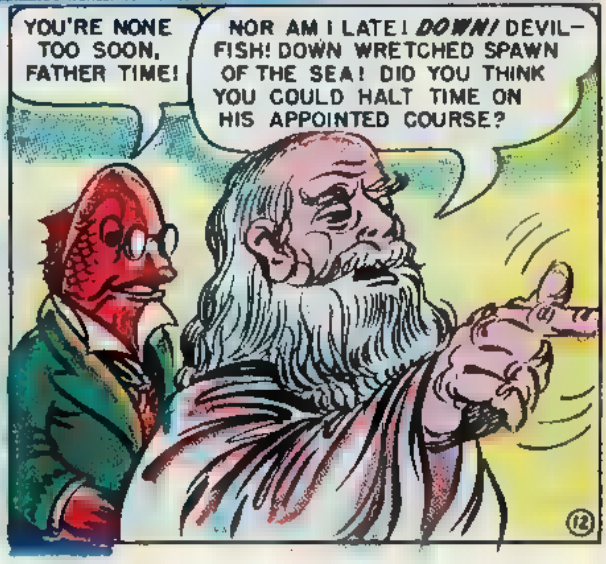
BE CAREFUL HOW YOU BOAST OF BORROWED STRENGTH, SPONDO! THE ONLY ENERGY YOU DEVILFISH HAVE IS WHAT PASSES INTO YOU FROM THE MINUTOMETER!

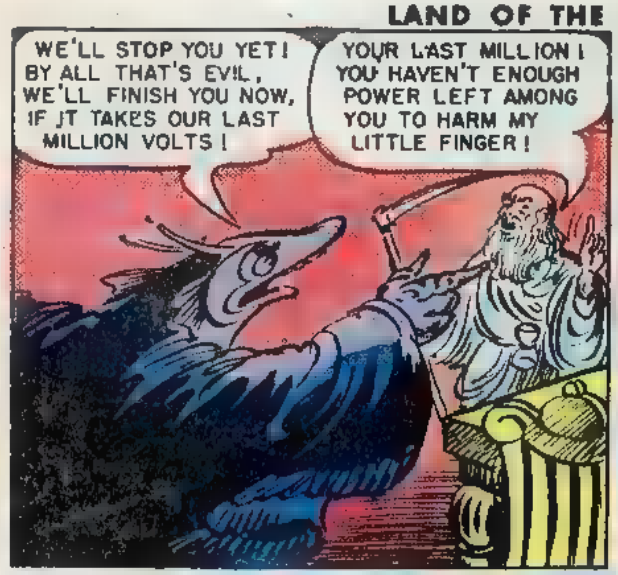

OKAY, WISE-FIN—BUT DON'T THINK WE'RE RUNNIN' LOW!
BEFORE WE STARTED OUT WE CHARGED OUR BATTERIES WITH EVERY BIT O' POWER ON TAP... WANT A TASTE OF IT, RED LANTERN?

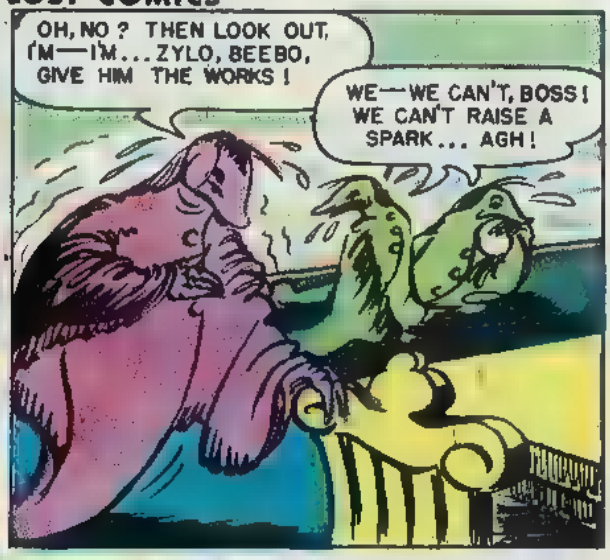
TOUCH ME AND YOU'LL PAY FOR IT, SPONDO—YOU AND YOUR WHOLE ABOMINABLE CREW!
AND WHO'LL MAKE US PAY? TELL ME THAT!

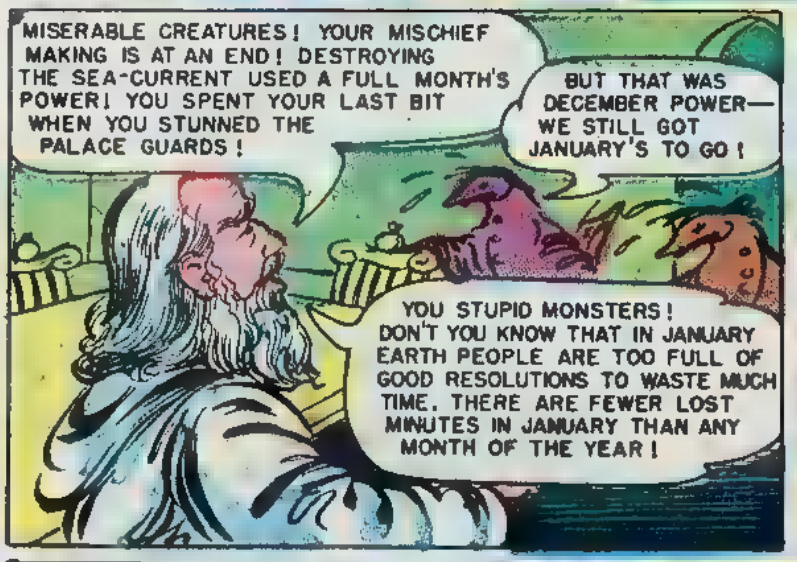

SUDDENLY! A PUFF OF SMOKE APPEARS...
WHO'LL MAKE YOU PAY? I WILL!

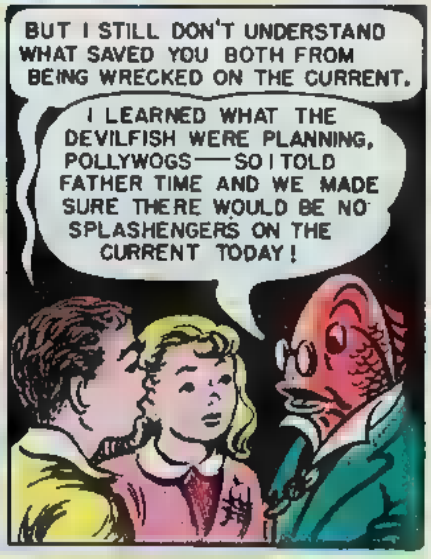

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S FATHER TIME!
THE OLD MAN HIMSELF—RIGHT OUT O' THIN AIR!

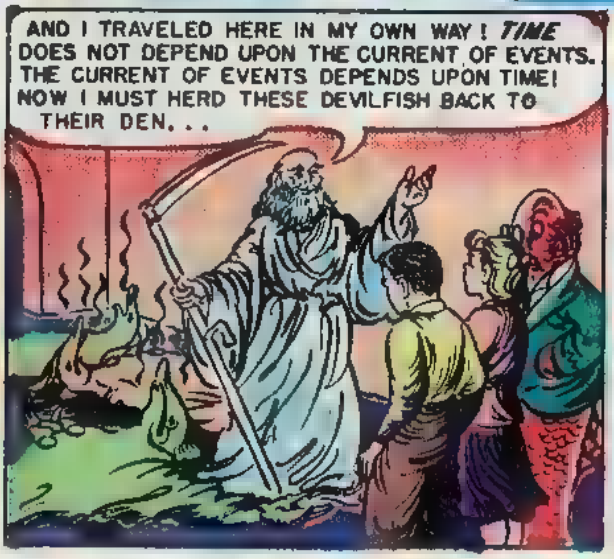

YOU'RE NONE TOO SOON, FATHER TIME!
NOR AM I LATE! DOWN! DEVIL-FISH! DOWN WRETCHED SPAWN OF THE SEA! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD HALT TIME ON HIS APPOINTED COURSE?

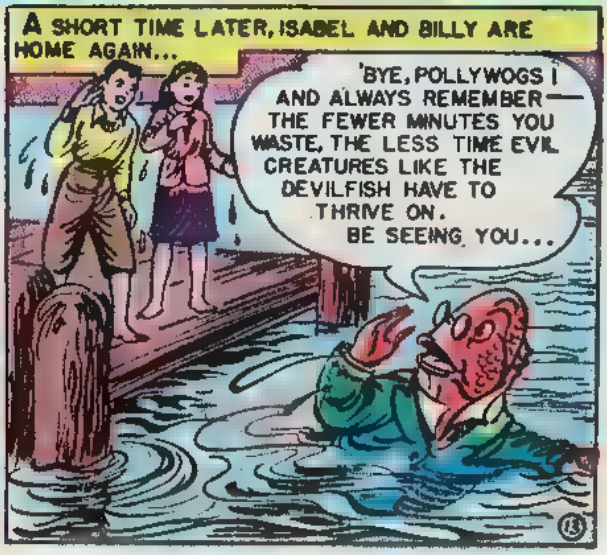

WE'LL STOP YOU YET! BY ALL THAT'S EVIL, WE'LL FINISH YOU NOW, IF IT TAKES OUR LAST MILLION VOLTS!
YOUR LAST MILLION! YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH POWER LEFT AMONG YOU TO HARM MY LITTLE FINGER!


OH, NO? THEN LOOK OUT, I'M—I'M... ZYLO, BEEBO, GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
WE—WE CAN'T, BOSS! WE CAN'T RAISE A SPARK... AGH!


MISERABLE CREATURES! YOUR MISCHIEF MAKING IS AT AN END! DESTROYING THE SEA-CURRENT USED A FULL MONTH'S POWER! YOU SPENT YOUR LAST BIT WHEN YOU STUNNED THE PALACE GUARDS!
BUT THAT WAS DECEMBER POWER—WE STILL GOT JANUARY'S TO GO!
YOU STUPID MONSTERS! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IN JANUARY EARTH PEOPLE ARE TOO FULL OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS TO WASTE MUCH TIME. THERE ARE FEWER LOST MINUTES IN JANUARY THAN ANY MONTH OF THE YEAR!

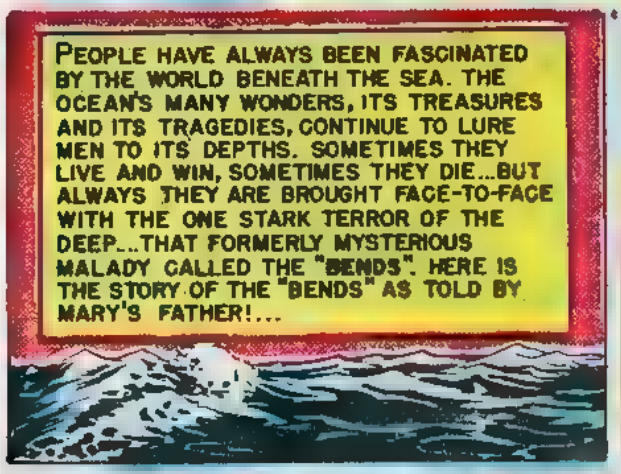

BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT SAVED YOU BOTH FROM BEING WRECKED ON THE CURRENT.
I LEARNED WHAT THE DEVILFISH WERE PLANNING, POLLYWOGS—SO I TOLD FATHER TIME AND WE MADE SURE THERE WOULD BE NO SPLASHENGERS ON THE CURRENT TODAY!

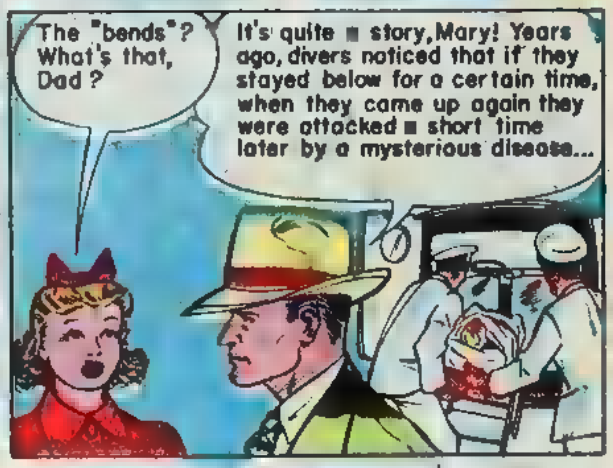

AND I TRAVELED HERE IN MY OWN WAY! *TIME* DOES NOT DEPEND UPON THE CURRENT OF EVENTS. THE CURRENT OF EVENTS DEPENDS UPON TIME! NOW I MUST HERD THESE DEVILFISH BACK TO THEIR DEN...

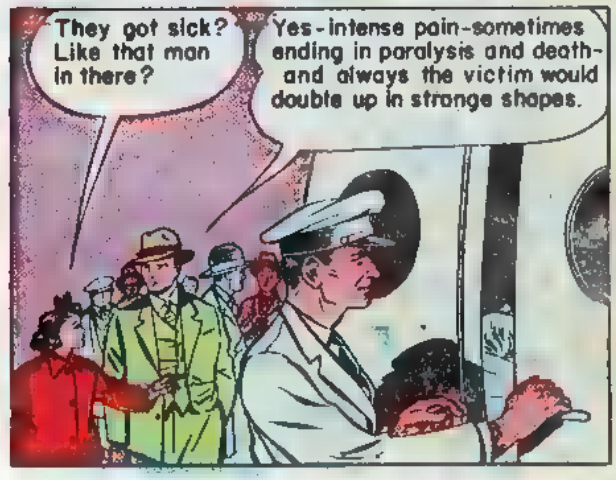

A SHORT TIME LATER, ISABEL AND BILLY ARE HOME AGAIN...
'BYE, POLLYWOGS! AND ALWAYS REMEMBER—THE FEWER MINUTES YOU WASTE, THE LESS TIME EVIL CREATURES LIKE THE DEVILFISH HAVE TO THRIVE ON. BE SEEING YOU...

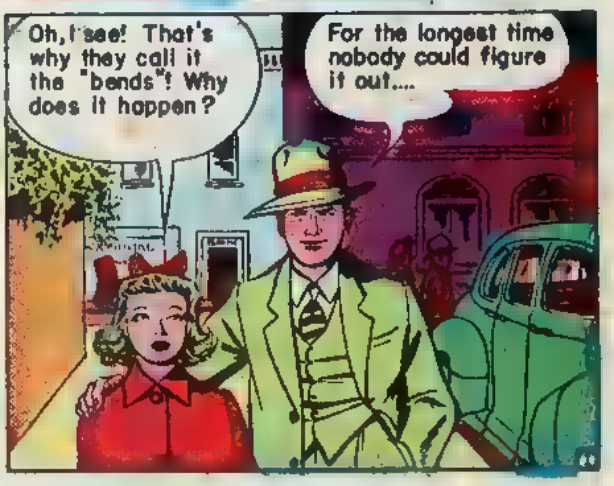
MEN BENEATH THE SEA

Battle against the "bends"

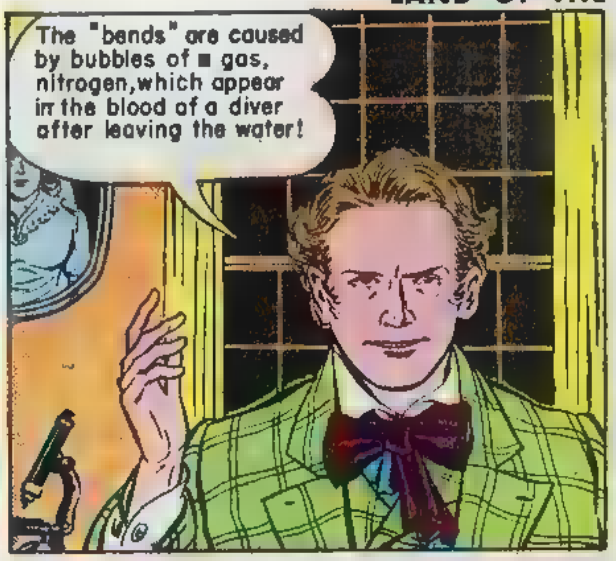


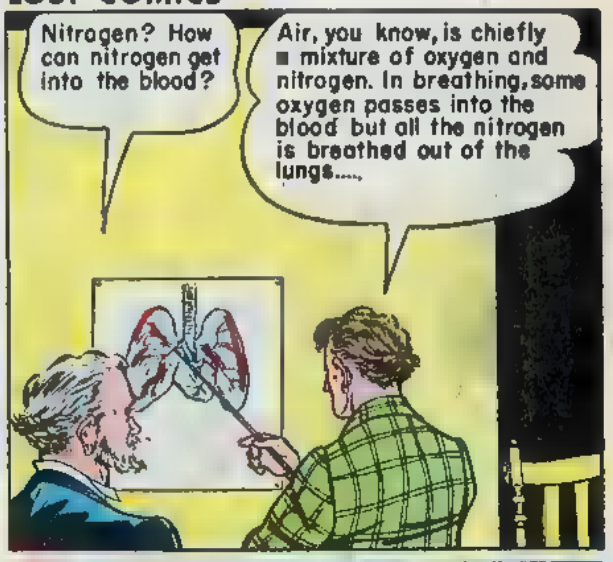


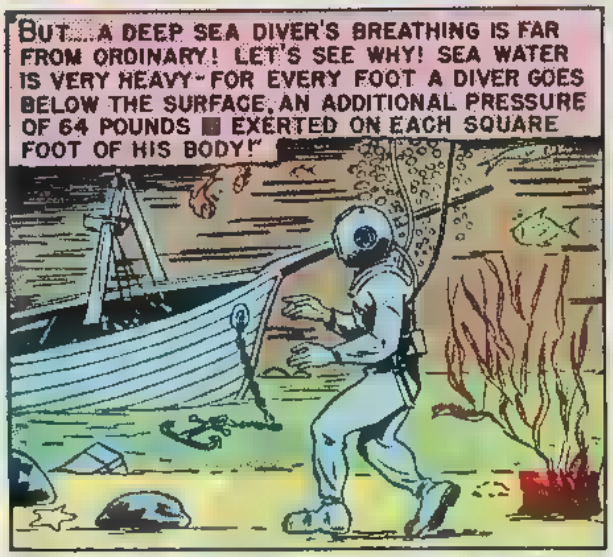


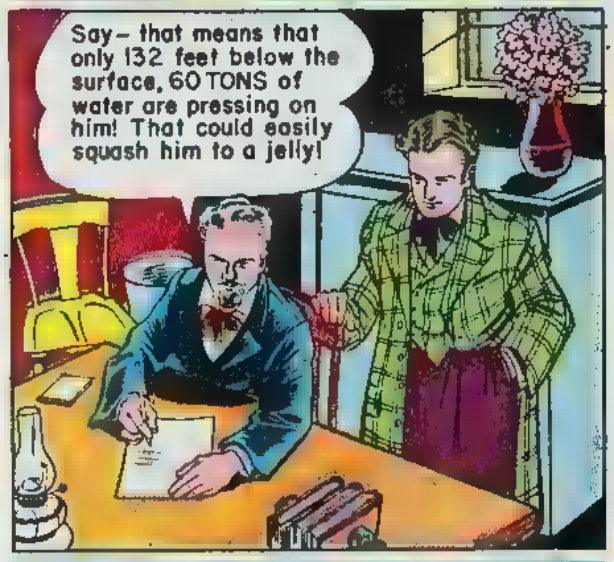


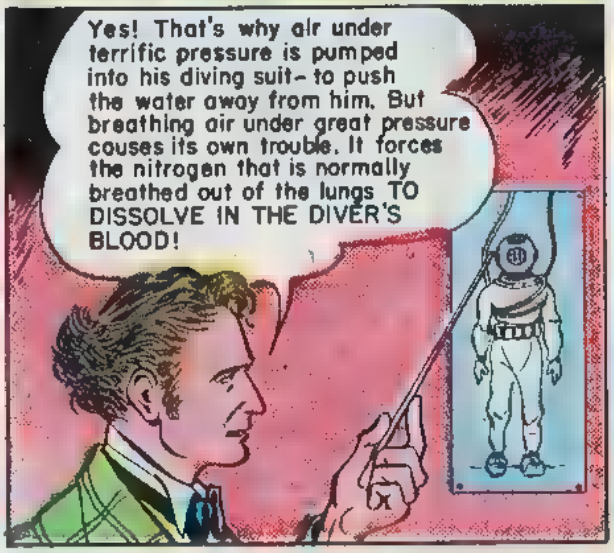
SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT THE "BENDS" WERE CAUSED BY EVIL SPIRITS!
There's evil spirits down there that want to hold on to all that sunken treasure. They put the jinx on us! But I ain't afraid of their curse - "bends" or no "bends" - I'm going down!
BUT BELIEF IN SPIRITS AND DEMONS DIDN'T SOLVE THE MYSTERY. WHEN THE CONSTRUCTION OF TUNNELS AND BRIDGES BEGAN, AN EVEN LARGER NUMBER OF CASES OF THE "BENDS" SUDDENLY APPEARED, AND THE WORK AND WORKERS SUFFERED.
Where are those fellows going?
They're building a pier foundation for the new Brooklyn Bridge. They work in that caisson!
What's a caisson? Is that big metal tube that is driven into the mud under water?
Yes! Air is pumped into it under pressure to keep out the water. Those "sand-hogs" burrow through the muck to sink the foundation. They're like deep sea divers without diving suits!
SUDDENLY... FROM THE CONSTRUCTION SHACK NEAR THE CAISSON...
Quick! Call an ambulance! Mr. Roebling's got the "bends"!
Washington Augustus Roebling! The builder of the Brooklyn Bridge!
Poor man - he's been spending too much time supervising the work in the caisson. Not enough sunshine, I say!
TOOL BOX
FOR TEN LONG YEARS, ROEBLING, PARALYZED BY THE "BENDS," WAS COMPELLED TO DIRECT THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE FROM HIS SICK BED....
As important as the completion of this or any other bridge would be the conquest of the "bends". If only some scientist would get to work on it to save from its terror....
IN 1878, AS A RESULT OF THE WORLD-WIDE PUBLICITY GIVEN TO ROEBLINGS TRAGEDY, PAUL BERT, A FRENCH SCIENTIST, BEGAN A STUDY OF THE "BENDS"....

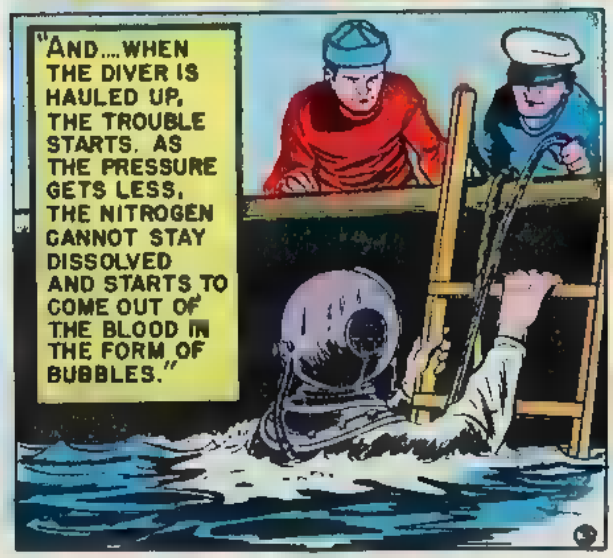

The "bends" are caused by bubbles of ■ gas, nitrogen, which appear in the blood of a diver after leaving the water!

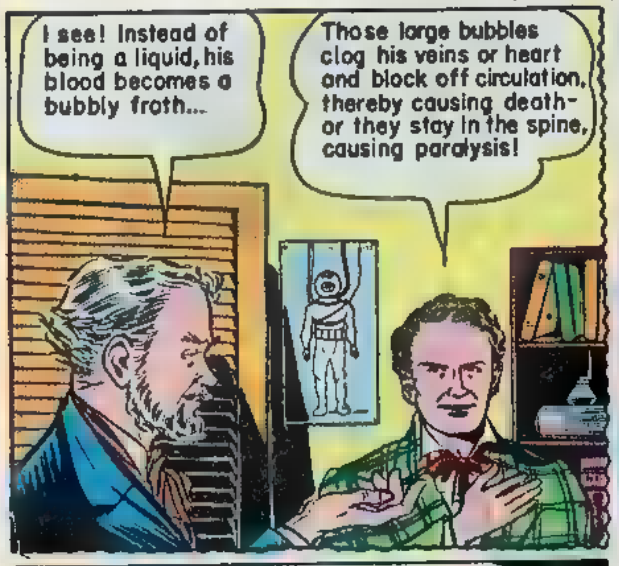

Nitrogen? How can nitrogen get into the blood?
Air, you know, is chiefly ■ mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. In breathing, some oxygen passes into the blood but all the nitrogen is breathed out of the lungs....

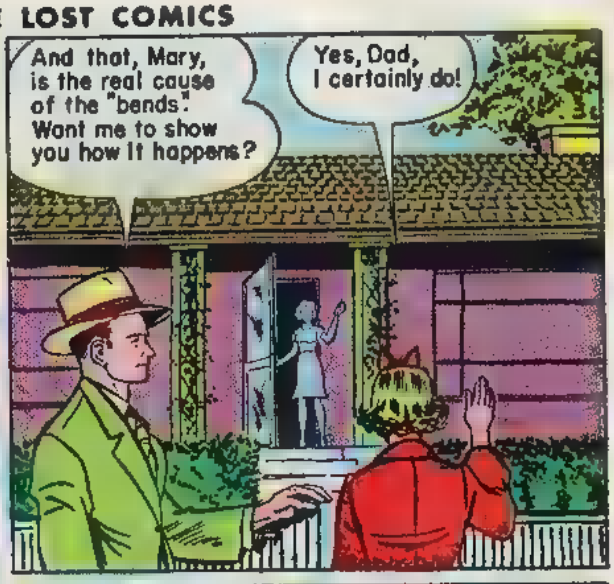

BUT....A DEEP SEA DIVER'S BREATHING IS FAR FROM ORDINARY! LET'S SEE WHY! SEA WATER IS VERY HEAVY - FOR EVERY FOOT A DIVER GOES BELOW THE SURFACE, AN ADDITIONAL PRESSURE OF 64 POUNDS ■ EXERTED ON EACH SQUARE FOOT OF HIS BODY!"


Say – that means that only 132 feet below the surface, 60 TONS of water are pressing on him! That could easily squash him to a jelly!

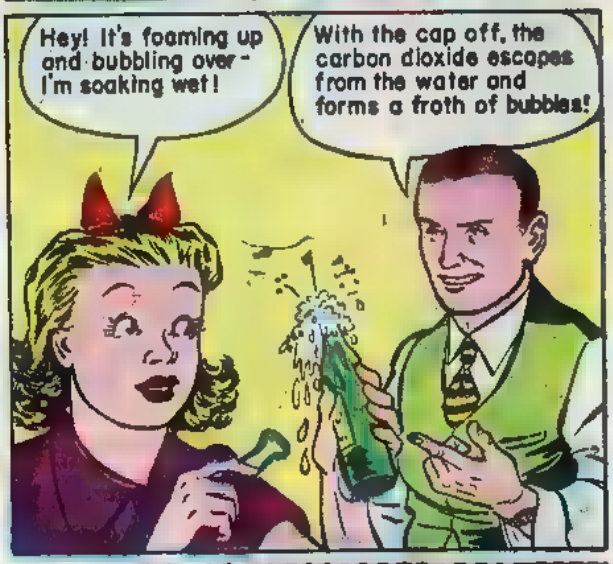

Yes! That's why air under terrific pressure is pumped into his diving suit – to push the water away from him. But breathing air under great pressure causes its own trouble. It forces the nitrogen that is normally breathed out of the lungs TO DISSOLVE IN THE DIVER'S BLOOD!

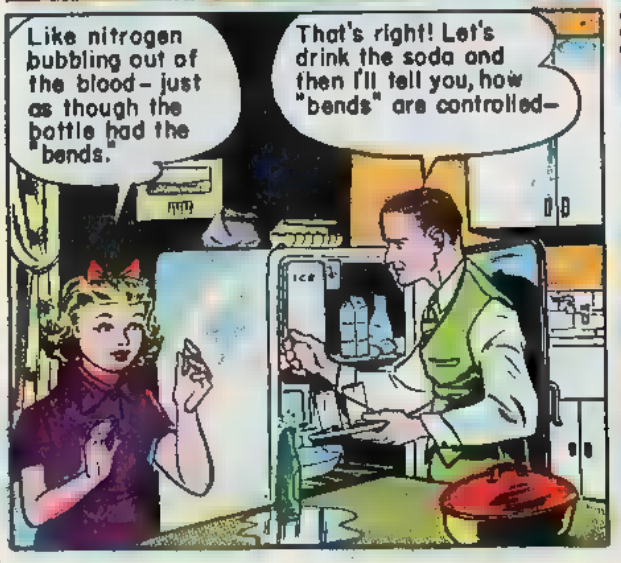

"AND....WHEN THE DIVER IS HAULED UP, THE TROUBLE STARTS. AS THE PRESSURE GETS LESS, THE NITROGEN CANNOT STAY DISSOLVED AND STARTS TO COME OUT OF THE BLOOD IN THE FORM OF BUBBLES."

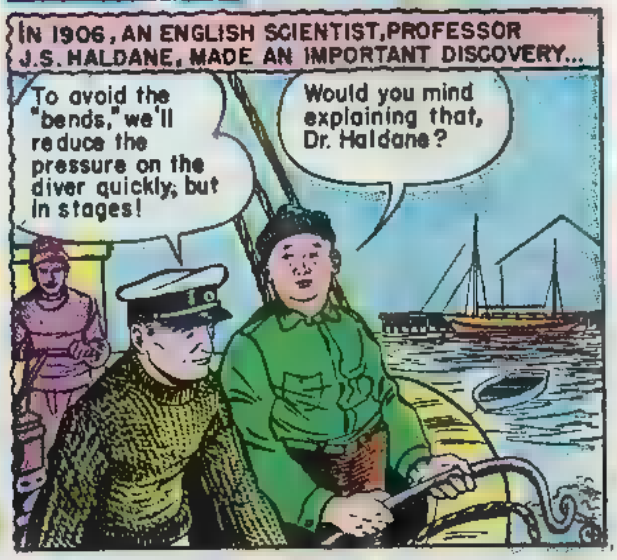

I see! Instead of being a liquid, his blood becomes a bubbly froth...
Those large bubbles clog his veins or heart and block off circulation, thereby causing death- or they stay in the spine, causing paralysis!

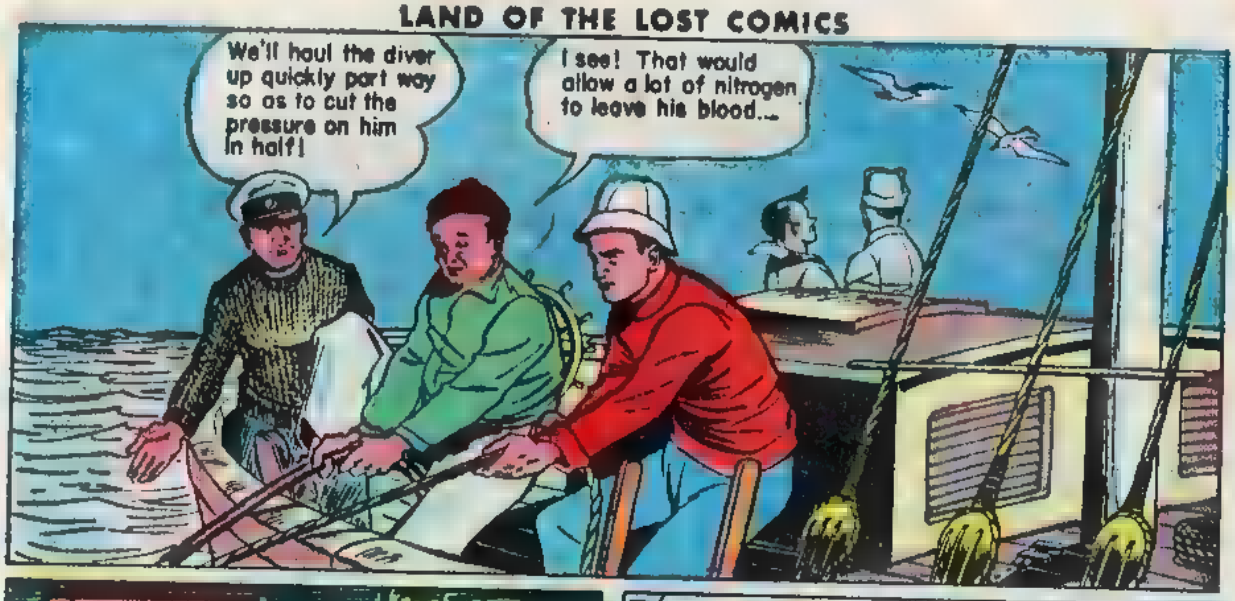

And that, Mary, is the real cause of the "bends." Want me to show you how it happens?
Yes, Dad, I certainly do!

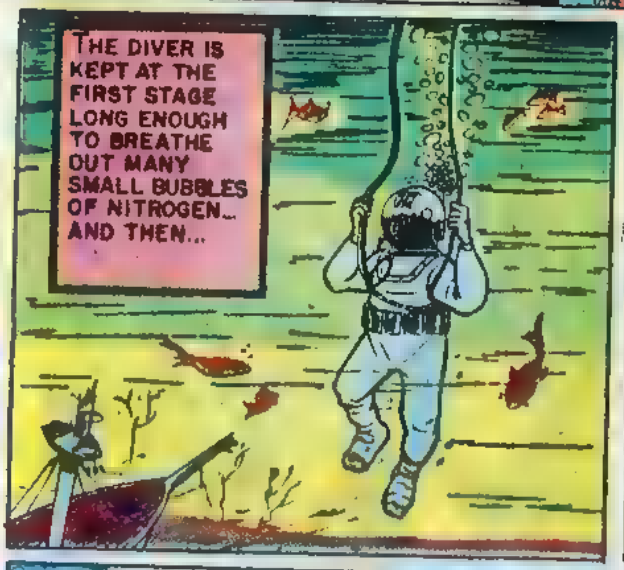
Here's a warm bottle of soda pop. It's called a carbonated beverage because carbon dioxide gas was dissolved in it under pressure. See how clear the liquid is. Now- try removing the cap....

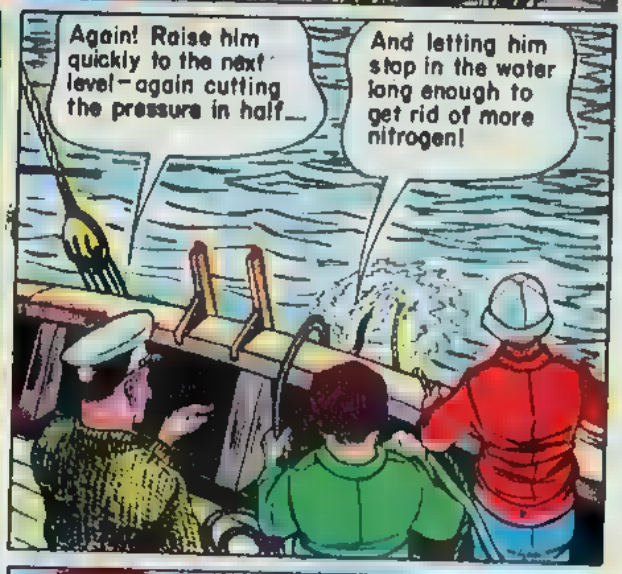

Hey! It's foaming up and bubbling over - I'm soaking wet!
With the cap off, the carbon dioxide escapes from the water and forms a froth of bubbles!

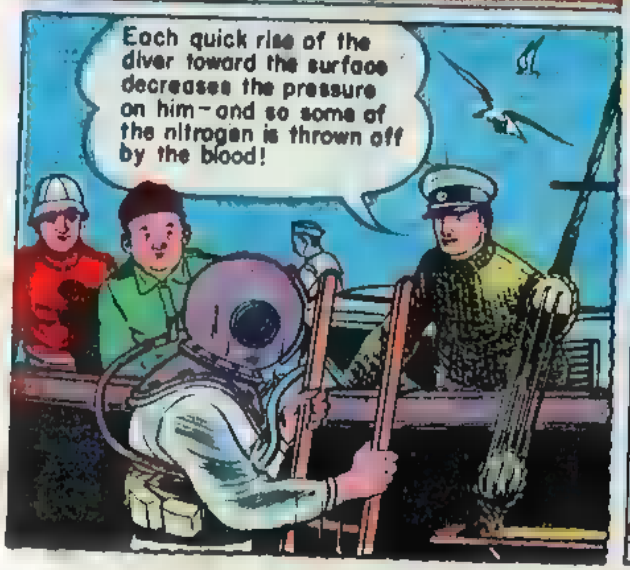

Like nitrogen bubbling out of the blood- just as though the bottle had the "bends."
That's right! Let's drink the soda and then I'll tell you, how "bends" are controlled-

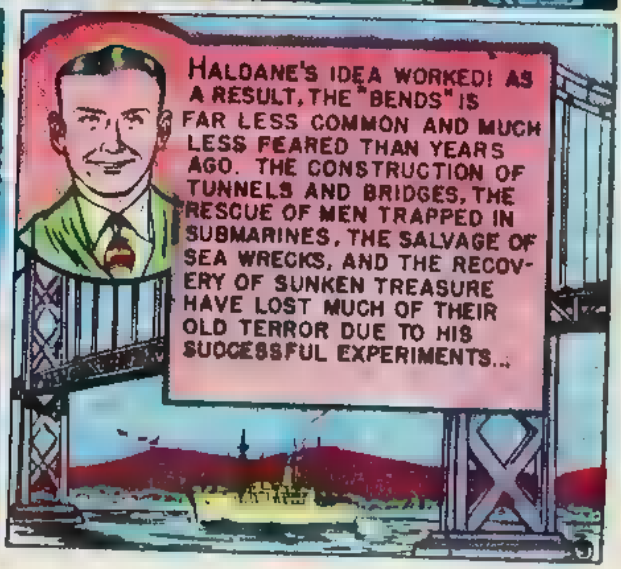

IN 1906, AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR J.S. HALDANE, MADE AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY...
To avoid the "bends," we'll reduce the pressure on the diver quickly, but in stages!
Would you mind explaining that, Dr. Haldane?


We'll haul the diver up quickly part way so as to cut the pressure on him in half!
I see! That would allow a lot of nitrogen to leave his blood...


THE DIVER IS KEPT AT THE FIRST STAGE LONG ENOUGH TO BREATHE OUT MANY SMALL BUBBLES OF NITROGEN... AND THEN...


Again! Raise him quickly to the next level—again cutting the pressure in half...
And letting him stop in the water long enough to get rid of more nitrogen!


Each quick rise of the diver toward the surface decreases the pressure on him—and so some of the nitrogen is thrown off by the blood!


HALDANE'S IDEA WORKED! AS A RESULT, THE "BENDS" IS FAR LESS COMMON AND MUCH LESS FEARED THAN YEARS AGO. THE CONSTRUCTION OF TUNNELS AND BRIDGES, THE RESCUE OF MEN TRAPPED IN SUBMARINES, THE SALVAGE OF SEA WRECKS, AND THE RECOVERY OF SUNKEN TREASURE HAVE LOST MUCH OF THEIR OLD TERROR DUE TO HIS SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS...

HOME OF THE METAL MEN

EVERY NERVE TENSE, Jim Brentwood peered into the eyepiece of his 300-inch reflector. The blood fairly danced in his veins and his voice was aquiver with excitement as he murmured aloud:

"There they are again — those tiny moving specks! It can mean only one thing! There's *life* on the planetoid Zesta!"

Of the thousands of tiny planets, called planetoids, scattered between Mars and Jupiter, Zesta is by far the brightest. It is only 250 miles across, at its widest part . . . and in its path through space it often comes startlingly close to the Earth!

Right now, Jim thought with a thrill, Zesta couldn't be more than 3,000,000 miles away! He was already visioning himself at the Spaceport, taking off on a magnificent flight to discover new life! It would be for him, Jim Brentwood, to discover what men had merely spoken about half-jokingly a hundred years before! Why, he would . . .

Suddenly, a low and insistent tapping broke into his thoughts. The tall young scientist stared. The sound came from somewhere in the room. His thoughtful gaze, drawn reluctantly away from his telescope, cautiously circled the floor of the room, coming to rest at last on a — what was it? A white sheet! Could it be ghosts? Pshaw! Jim didn't believe in them! Just the same he lifted his eyes very slowly from the floor where the white sheet was resting, and . . .

It was a *girl!* And she was wearing sparkling white bridal clothes!

"Doris!" gasped Jim.

A very irate Doris was standing there in front of him, hands on hips, impatiently tapping the floor with her foot as she waited for Jim to look up.

"You look as if you've been off in another world!" she said angrily.

"Why, I have. How did you know? Really, I have —"

Then Jim suddenly remembered something that sent a warm pink color up the back of his neck, whence it spread in a smooth even glow all over his face, and even covered his ears.

"*Omigosh!* Today is — is —"

"—our WEDDING DAY!" Doris said with a snort.

The delicate pink turned to a bright crimson.

"And this is the *fourth* time you forgot to remember! First, it was that trip to the Moon . . . only you ran out of oxygen and had to come back! Then you discovered a new star, only it wasn't a new star at all, but an old one which had become suddenly very bright! The third time, some of your friends dressed up in the craziest get-ups they could find and told you they were visitors from the planet Neptune, and *you* — you ninny! — believed them! Jim Brentwood, it's either that — that telescope, or *me!* CHOOSE!"

Jim turned his grey, troubled eyes to his beloved telescope, then back to his equally beloved Doris. It was impossible to choose! Jim plunged into the deepest thought for long moments, and when he finally looked up, he had an idea!

"Doris," he said, "let's get married, at once! This minute! There's just one little thing I want you to promise me."

"What is it?"

"Let me decide where we go on our honeymoon."

"Why should I let you decide when there are so many nice places *I* can think of. Bermuda — with the soft white sand and gently lapping waves! Hawaii, and strumming guitars! Mexico —"

"Doris, you've *got* to let me decide this one thing!"

"Oh — all right! Where?"

"Can't tell you right now. But I promise — it'll be a *surprise!*"

THINGS WERE ALMOST in readiness at the Spaceport when Jim and Doris drove up, just minutes after their marriage. Space-ship mechanics were giving the *Shooting Comet* a last minute check-up, before its 3,000,000 mile flight to Zesta.

At the door of the space-ship, Doris made a final plea:

"Look, Jim — remember the time you said to ask you for anything I wanted, and I asked you to take me to a star?"

"How could I forget?"

"Well, I — I don't want that any more. I'd rather stay here."

Jim laughed as he turned away to check the supplies.

"Why didn't I marry a grocer, a tailor — anything but a scientist?" groaned Doris, climbing into the space-ship as if it were a haunted house.

Supplies were all okay — oxygen, food, light-weight clothing, camera, pellet-pistols, fuel and a radio to keep in constant touch with the Earth.

Jim's hand was on the starting lever when Doris noticed something — a small shoe protruding from a narrow space between two large packages. They had a *stowaway!*

"Come out of there, you!" cried Doris, and a shame-faced 8-year-old emerged. It was Freddy, Doris' kid brother!

"Aw gee, let me go with you. I want to see Zesta, too. I want to be an astronomer — like Jim! Can't I please go?"

"No!" laughed Jim. "Come here, you little rascal!"

But before anyone could stop him, Freddy was at the control board, and the *Shooting Comet* was off the ground and roaring through space at a speed greater than a thousand miles a minute! From the Earth, the silvered space-ship looked like a ball of fire blazing across the sky. They were on their way to Zesta!

AFTER A TRIP of slightly more than 2 days, the *Shooting Comet* circled over the planetoid Zesta. Most of it was a sandy waste—not a body of water in sight! Jim could see some lofty mountains and a few scattered desert plants, but not a single large tree or bush. Yet there — and Jim held his breath — there were many buildings! Rows of little brown buildings, made of *metal* — streets and walls and — even *men* who walked about with quick jerky movements! Men — made of METAL!

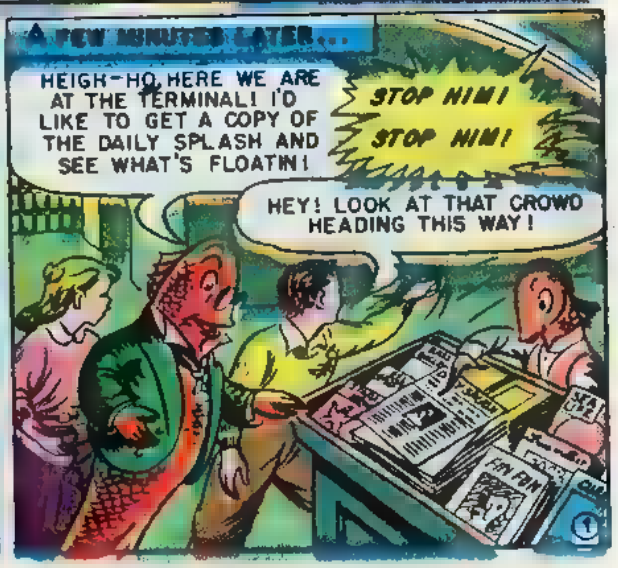
What sort of weird place is Zesta, and who are these strange Metal Men? Follow this thrilling story in the next issue of LAND OF THE LOST COMICS!

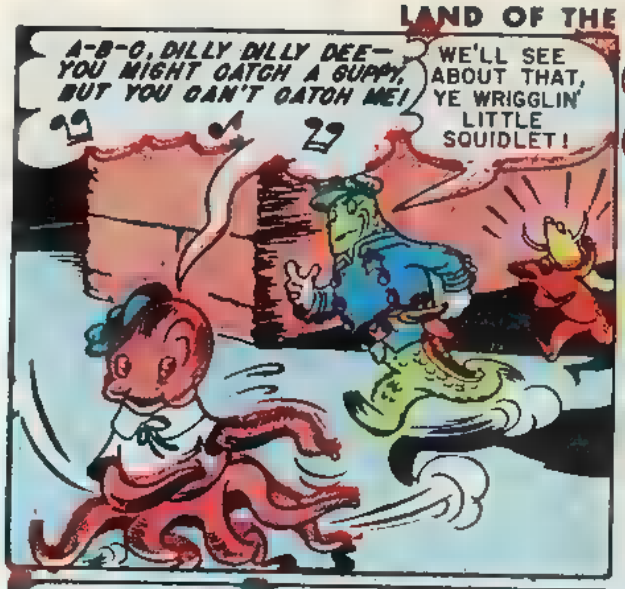
Land of the Lost

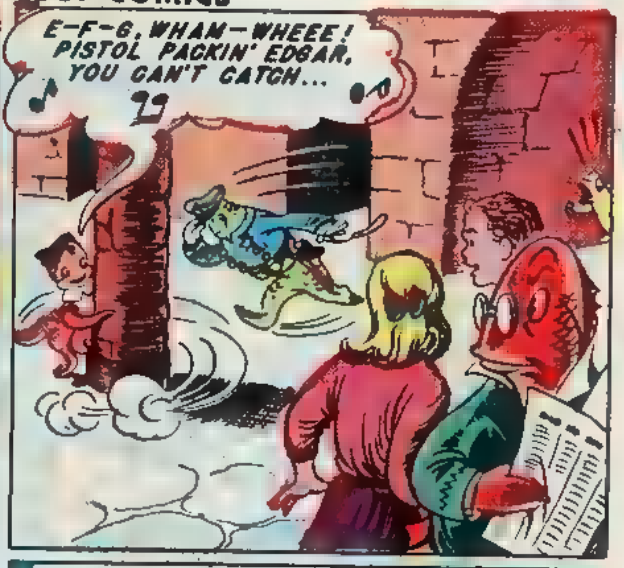
"THE FISH SCHOOL AND JEWEL ROBBERY"

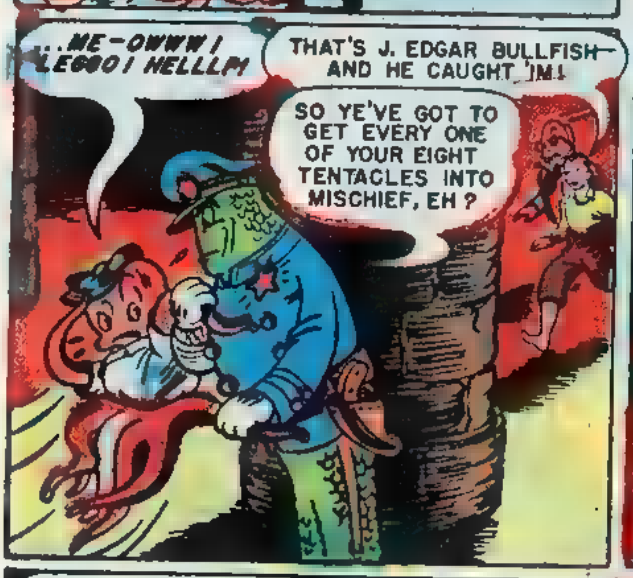
ONCE MORE ISABEL AND BILLY TAKE THEIR MAGIC SEAWEED—THAT ENABLES THEM TO BREATHE UNDER WATER—AND FOLLOW THE WISE TALKING FISH, *RED LANTERN*, DOWN UNDER THE SEA TO THE PLACE WHERE ALL THINGS LOST ON EARTH GO—*THE LAND OF THE LOST!*

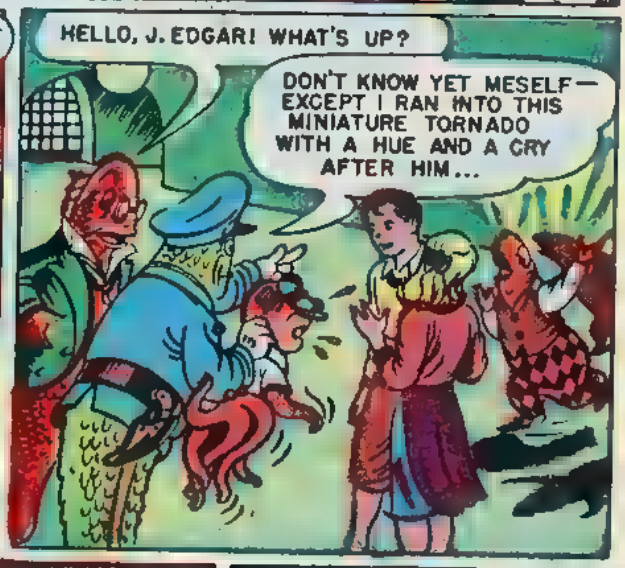
THERE THEY FIND THE FISHFOLK IN AN UPROAR—FOR THE GREAT SAMARKAND RUBY HAS JUST BEEN STOLEN! AND IS—J. EDGAR BULLFISH IN A WHALE OF A TIGHT SPOT! HIS ONLY WITNESSES ARE *CLAMS*—AND THEY WON'T TALK!

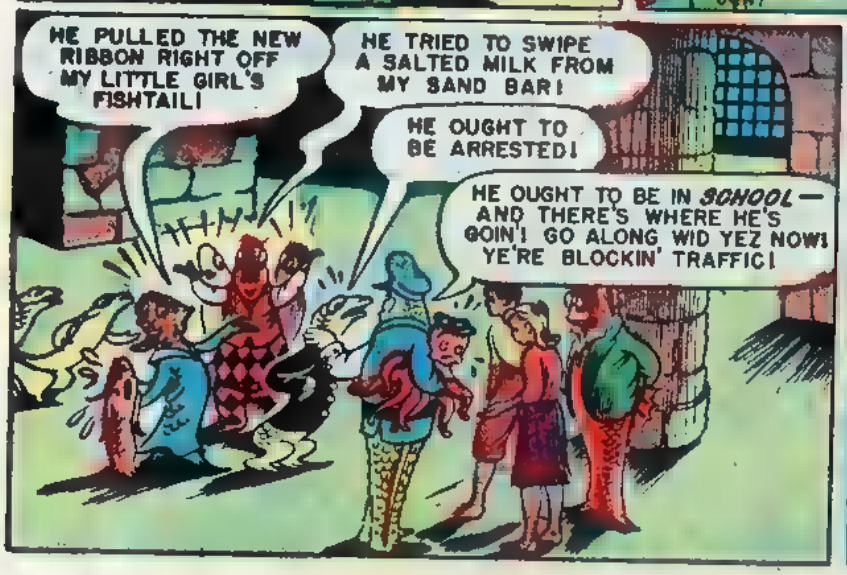


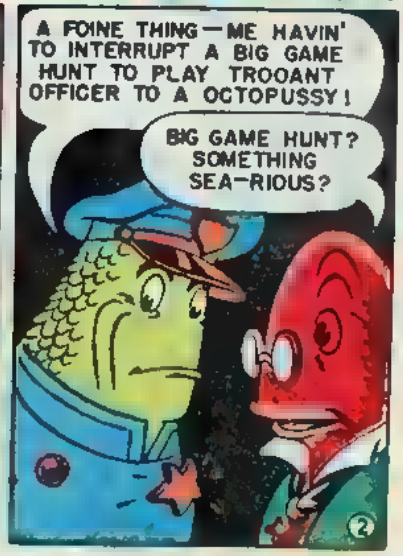

A-B-C, DILLY DILLY DEE— YOU MIGHT CATCH A GUPPY, BUT YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YE WRIGGLIN' LITTLE SQUIDLET!


E-F-G, WHAM—WHEEE! PISTOL PACKIN' EDGAR, YOU CAN'T CATCH...

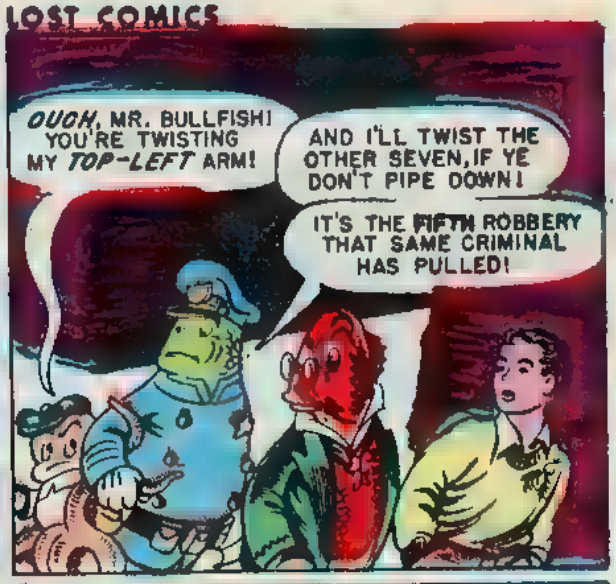

...ME—OWWW! LEGGO! HELLLP!
THAT'S J. EDGAR BULLFISH— AND HE CAUGHT 'IM!
SO YE'VE GOT TO GET EVERY ONE OF YOUR EIGHT TENTACLES INTO MISCHIEF, EH?

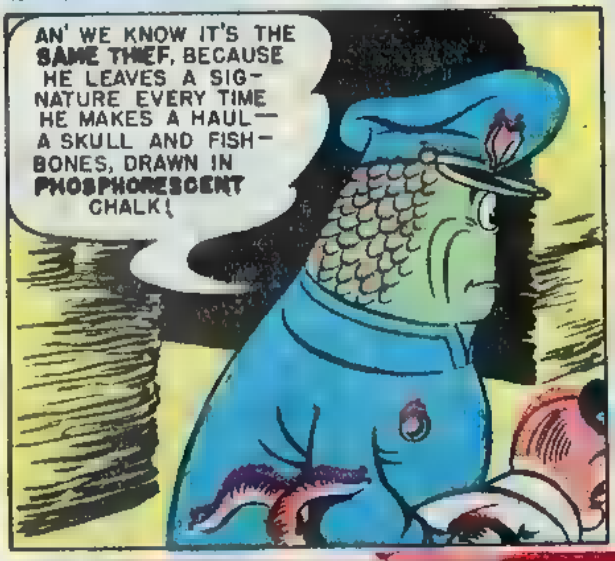

HELLO, J. EDGAR! WHAT'S UP?
DON'T KNOW YET MESELF— EXCEPT I RAN INTO THIS MINIATURE TORNADO WITH A HUE AND A CRY AFTER HIM...

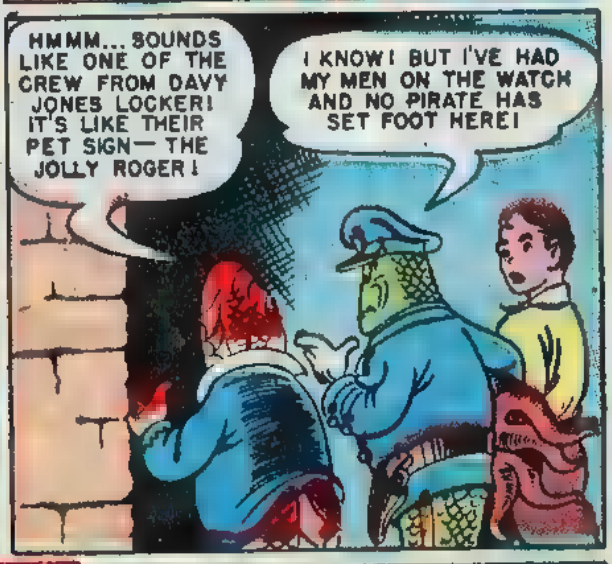

HE PULLED THE NEW RIBBON RIGHT OFF MY LITTLE GIRL'S FISHTAIL!
HE TRIED TO SWIPE A SALTED MILK FROM MY SAND BAR!
HE OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED!
HE OUGHT TO BE IN SCHOOL— AND THERE'S WHERE HE'S GOIN'! GO ALONG WID YEZ NOW! YE'RE BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC!

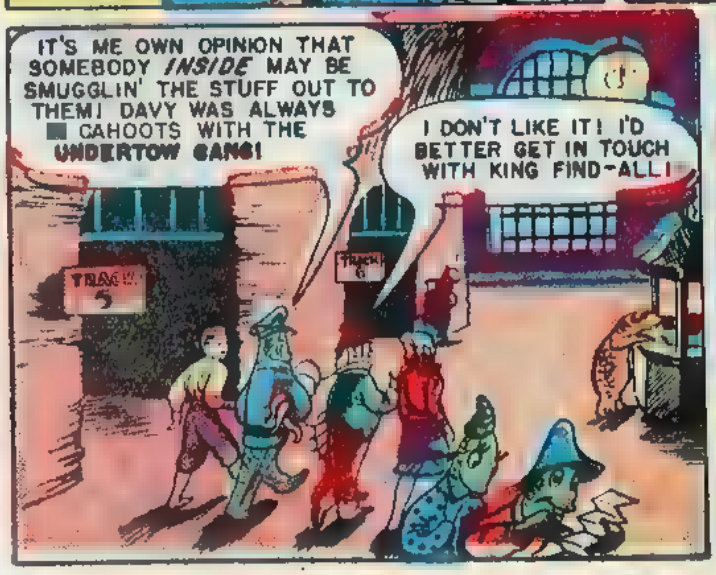

A FOINE THING—ME HAVIN' TO INTERRUPT A BIG GAME HUNT TO PLAY TROOANT OFFICER TO A OCTOPUSSY!
BIG GAME HUNT? SOMETHING SEA-RIOUS?

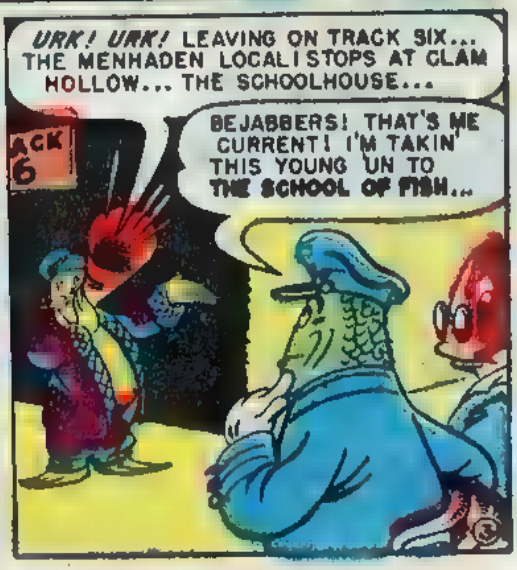
YES—THERE'S A MIGHTY SLICK JEWEL THIEF LOOSE IN *THE LAND OF THE LOST!* LAST NIGHT HE GOT AWAY WITH THE SAMARKAND RUBY!
WELL, TRIM MY WICK!


OUCH, MR. BULLFISH! YOU'RE TWISTING MY *TOP-LEFT* ARM!
AND I'LL TWIST THE OTHER SEVEN, IF YE DON'T PIPE DOWN!
IT'S THE **FIFTH** ROBBERY THAT SAME CRIMINAL HAS PULLED!

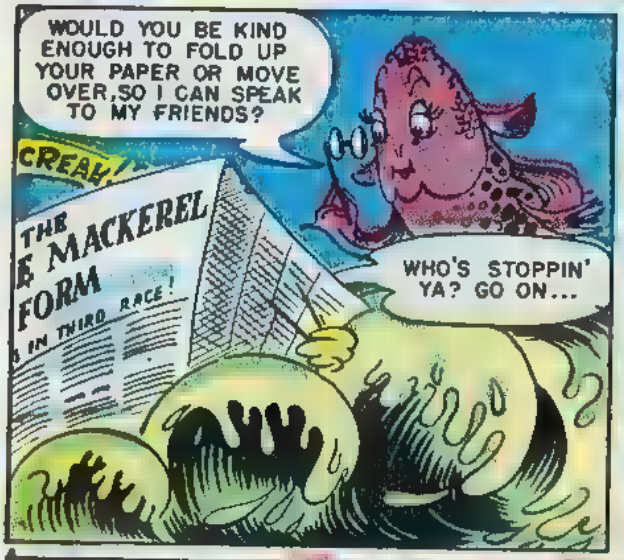

AN' WE KNOW IT'S THE **SAME THIEF**, BECAUSE HE LEAVES A SIGNATURE EVERY TIME HE MAKES A HAUL— A SKULL AND FISH-BONES, DRAWN IN **PHOSPHORESCENT** CHALK!

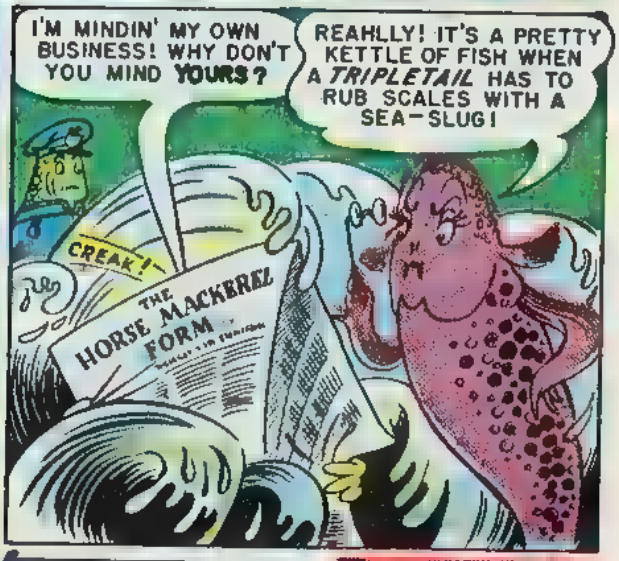

HMMM... SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE CREW FROM DAVY JONES LOCKER! IT'S LIKE THEIR PET SIGN— THE JOLLY ROGER!
I KNOW! BUT I'VE HAD MY MEN ON THE WATCH AND NO PIRATE HAS SET FOOT HERE!

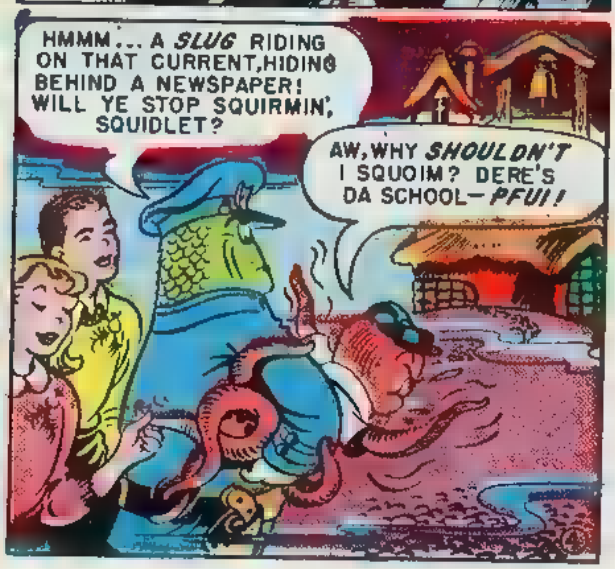

IT'S ME OWN OPINION THAT SOMEBODY *INSIDE* MAY BE SMUGGLIN' THE STUFF OUT TO THEM! DAVY WAS ALWAYS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE **UNDERTOW GANG!**
I DON'T LIKE IT! I'D BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH KING FIND-ALL!
TRACK 5
TRACK 6


URK! URK! LEAVING ON TRACK SIX... THE MENHADEN LOCAL! STOPS AT CLAM HOLLOW... THE SCHOOLHOUSE...
BEJABBERS! THAT'S ME CURRENT! I'M TAKIN' THIS YOUNG 'UN TO **THE SCHOOL OF FISH...**
ACK 6

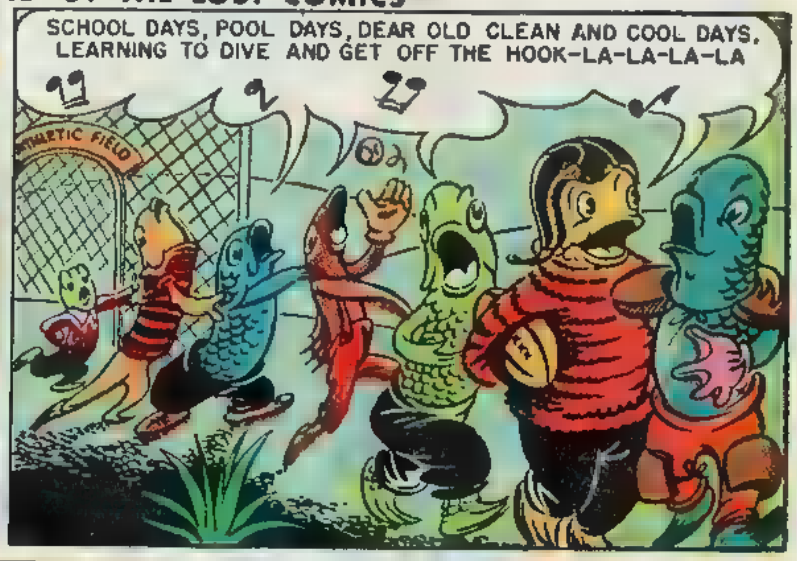
ISABEL AND BILLY JOIN J. EDGAR BULLFISH, AND SOON THEY ARE ALL RIDING THE CURRENT...

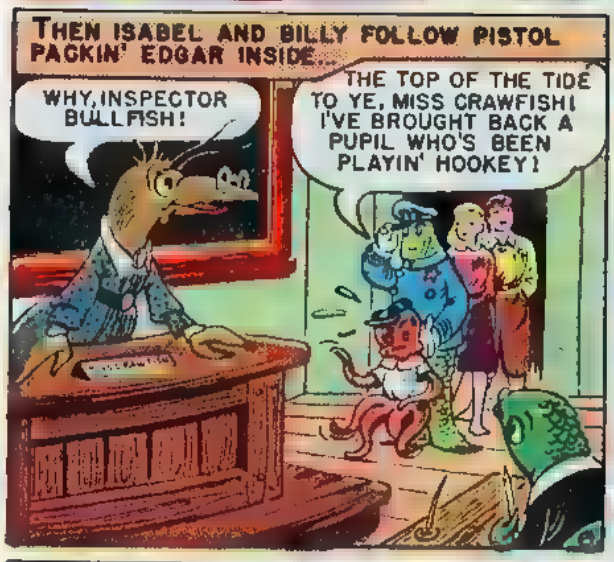


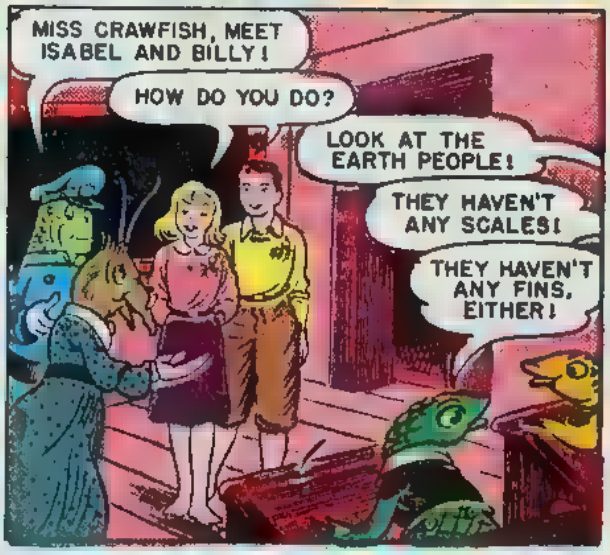




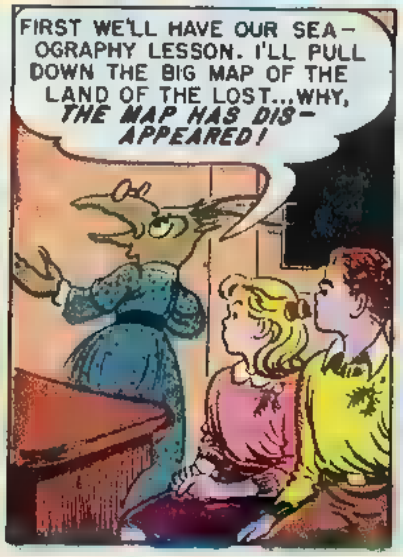
SAY, SQUIDLET, HOW COME THERE'S SCHOOL ON SATURDAY?
WE DON'T GET OFF TILL DAY AFTER TOMORROW—*FUN-DAY!* GUESS YOU EARTH PEOPLE CALL IT *MONDAY!*

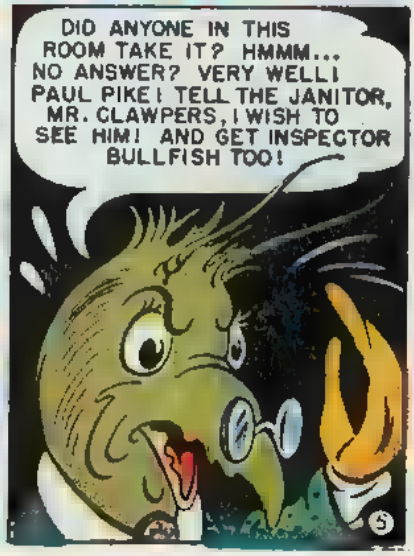

SCHOOL DAYS, POOL DAYS, DEAR OLD CLEAN AND COOL DAYS, LEARNING TO DIVE AND GET OFF THE HOOK-LA-LA-LA-LA
ATHLETIC FIELD

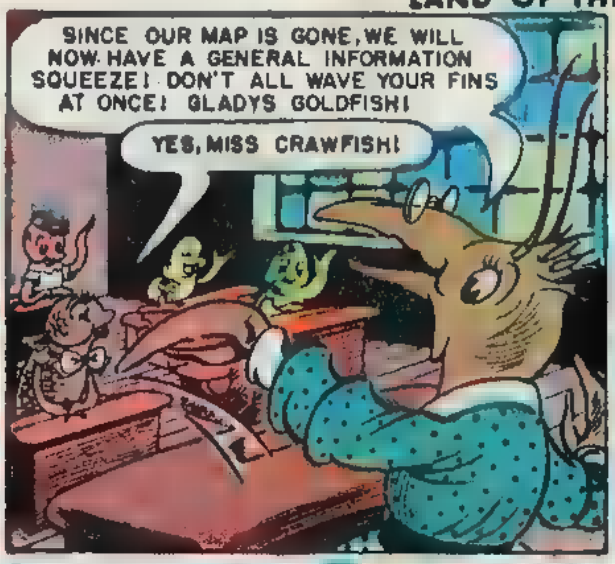

THEN ISABEL AND BILLY FOLLOW PISTOL PACKIN' EDGAR INSIDE
WHY, INSPECTOR BULLFISH!
THE TOP OF THE TIDE TO YE, MISS CRAWFISH! I'VE BROUGHT BACK A PUPIL WHO'S BEEN PLAYIN' HOOKEY!

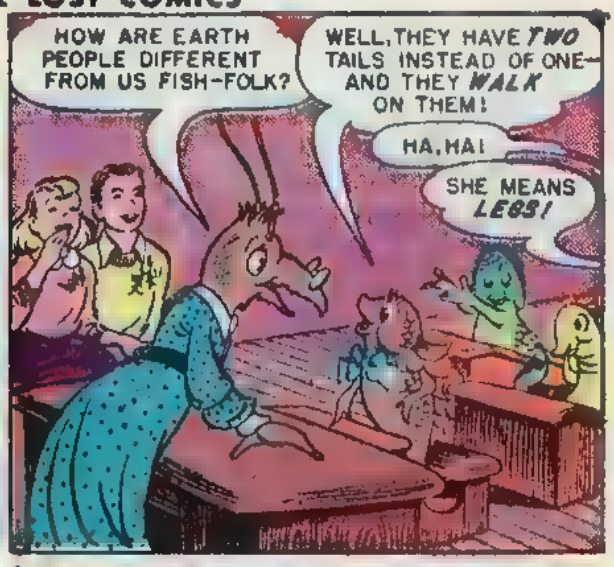

MISS CRAWFISH, MEET ISABEL AND BILLY!
HOW DO YOU DO?
LOOK AT THE EARTH PEOPLE!
THEY HAVEN'T ANY SCALES!
THEY HAVEN'T ANY FINS, EITHER!

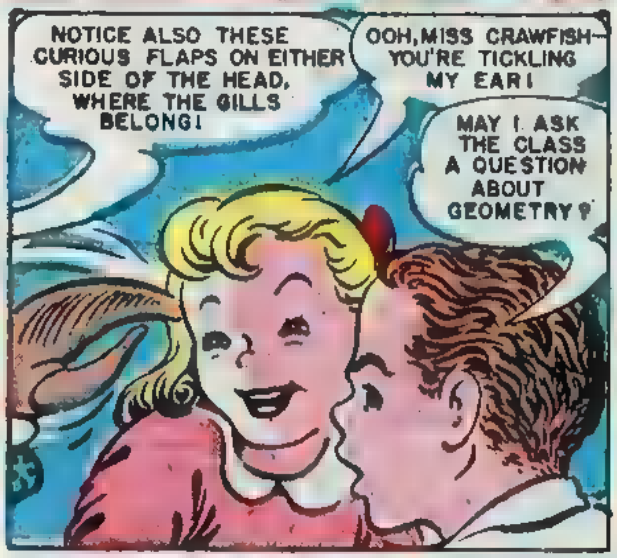
WON'T YOU SIT HERE? AND MR. BULLFISH! THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SHOALS WANTS YOU! HE'S HAVING BUBBLE TROUBLE WITH THE NEW VENTILATORS!
THAT SO? I'LL SEE HIM RIGHT NOW...
FISH

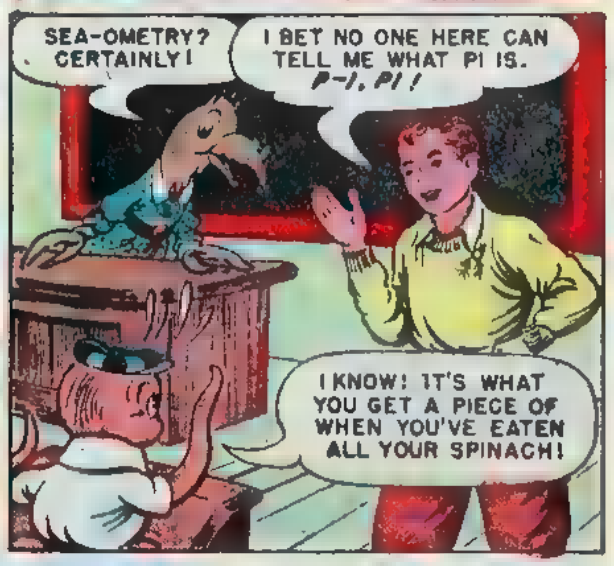

FIRST WE'LL HAVE OUR SEA-OGRAPHY LESSON. I'LL PULL DOWN THE BIG MAP OF THE LAND OF THE LOST...WHY, *THE MAP HAS DIS-APPEARED!*

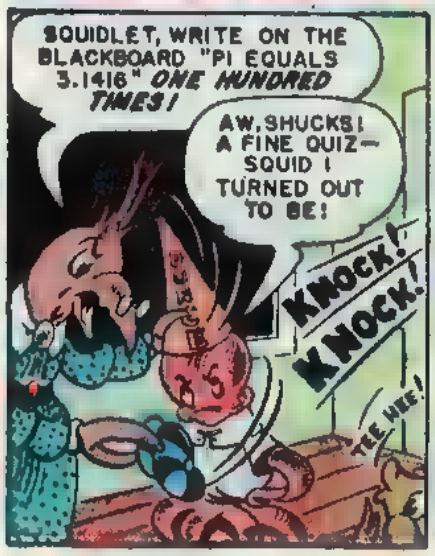

DID ANYONE IN THIS ROOM TAKE IT? HMMM... NO ANSWER? VERY WELL! PAUL PIKE! TELL THE JANITOR, MR. CLAWPERS, I WISH TO SEE HIM! AND GET INSPECTOR BULLFISH TOO!

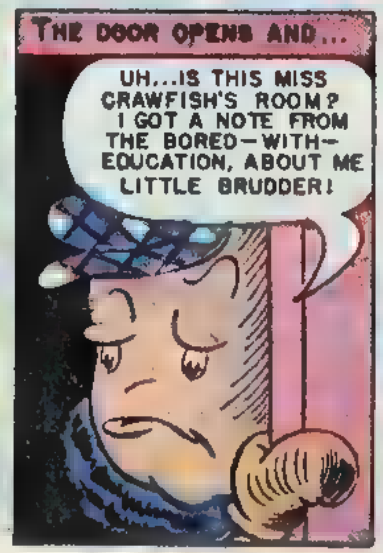

SINCE OUR MAP IS GONE, WE WILL NOW HAVE A GENERAL INFORMATION SQUEEZE! DON'T ALL WAVE YOUR FINS AT ONCE! GLADYS GOLDFISH!
YES, MISS CRAWFISH!

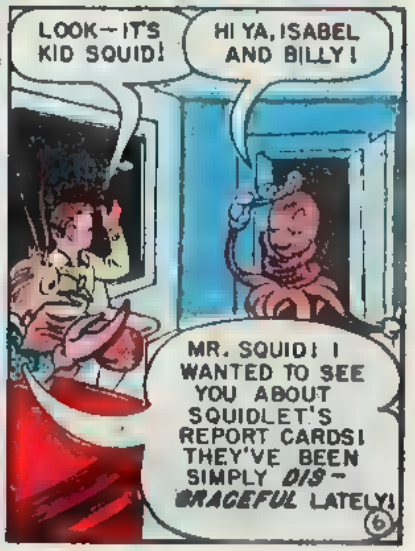

HOW ARE EARTH PEOPLE DIFFERENT FROM US FISH-FOLK?
WELL, THEY HAVE TWO TAILS INSTEAD OF ONE— AND THEY WALK ON THEM!
HA, HA!
SHE MEANS LEGS!

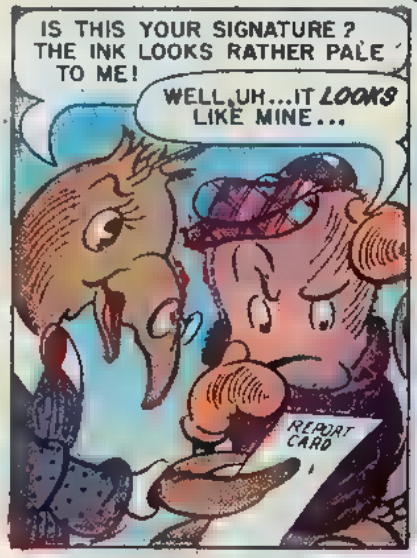

NOTICE ALSO THESE CURIOUS FLAPS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE HEAD, WHERE THE GILLS BELONG!
OOH, MISS CRAWFISH— YOU'RE TICKLING MY EAR!
MAY I ASK THE CLASS A QUESTION ABOUT GEOMETRY?


SEA-OMETRY? CERTAINLY!
I BET NO ONE HERE CAN TELL ME WHAT PI IS. P-I, PI!
I KNOW! IT'S WHAT YOU GET A PIECE OF WHEN YOU'VE EATEN ALL YOUR SPINACH!


SQUIDLET, WRITE ON THE BLACKBOARD "PI EQUALS 3.1416" ONE HUNDRED TIMES!
AW, SHUCKS! A FINE QUIZ— SQUID I TURNED OUT TO BE!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
TEE HEE!

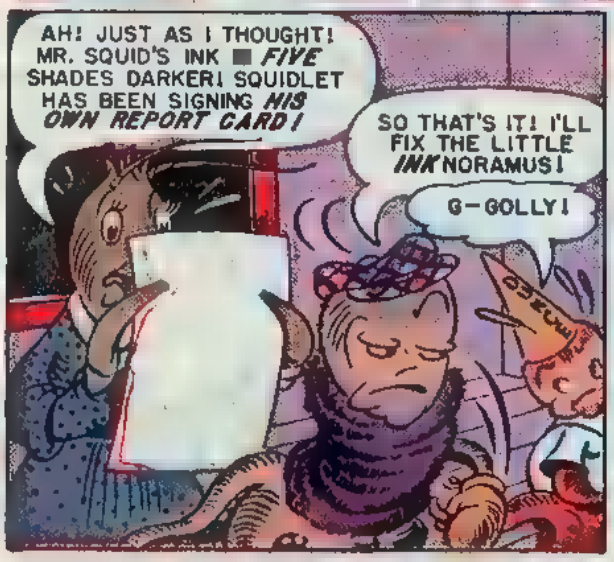

THE DOOR OPENS AND...
UH...IS THIS MISS CRAWFISH'S ROOM? I GOT A NOTE FROM THE BORED-WITH-EDUCATION, ABOUT ME LITTLE BRUDDER!

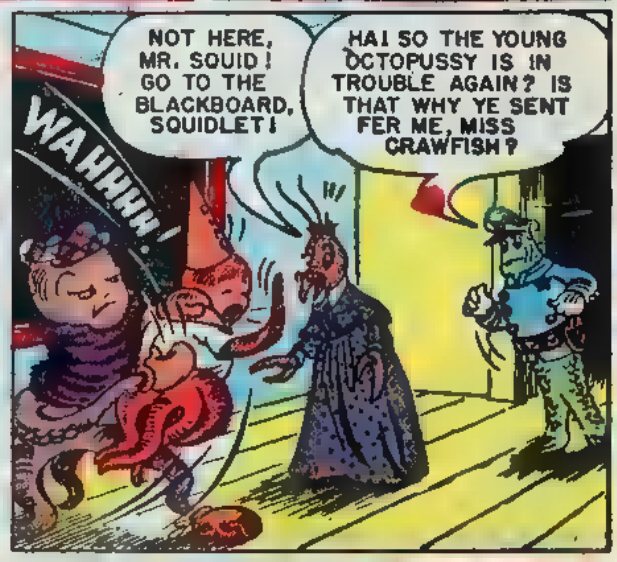

LOOK—IT'S KID SQUID!
HI YA, ISABEL AND BILLY!
MR. SQUID! I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT SQUIDLET'S REPORT CARDS! THEY'VE BEEN SIMPLY DIS-GRACEFUL LATELY!

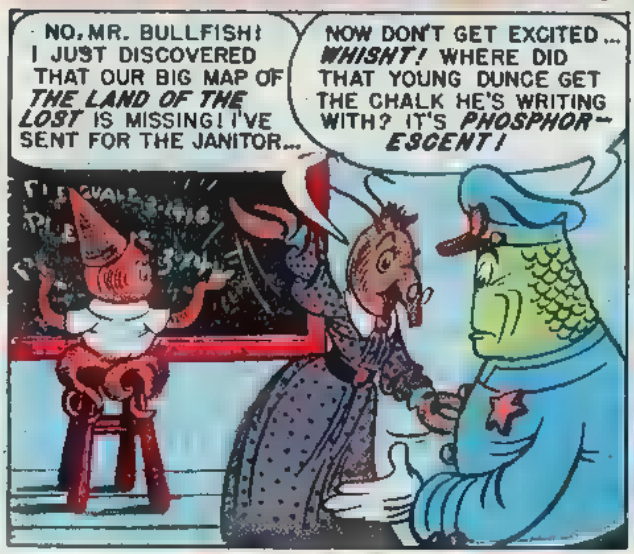

IS THIS YOUR SIGNATURE? THE INK LOOKS RATHER PALE TO ME!
WELL, UH...IT *LOOKS* LIKE MINE...
REPORT CARD

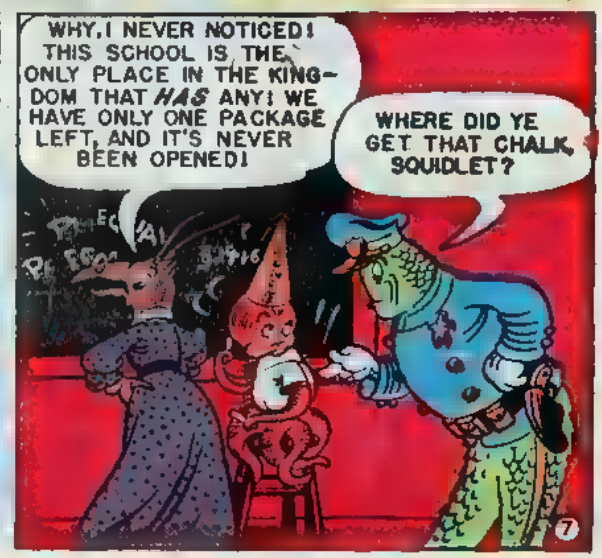
PERHAPS YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A SAMPLE OF YOUR INK, SO I MAY COMPARE THE TWO!
—UH— I'M FEELING KIND OF *DRY*, MISS CRAWFISH!
GO ON, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT—*SQUIRT!*

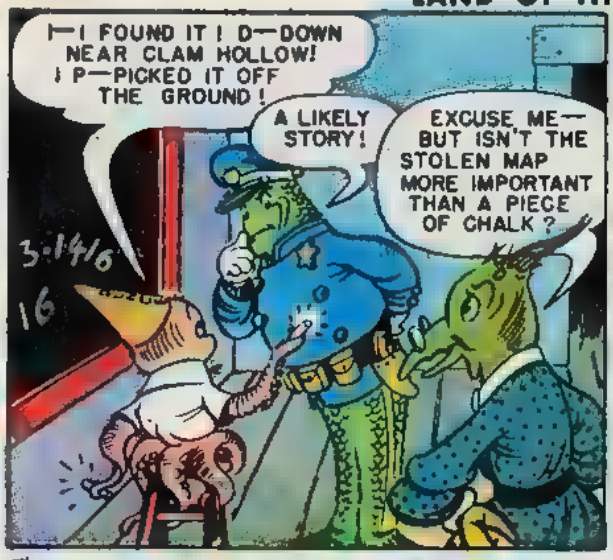
WHEN KID SQUID AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER EACH SQUIRT OUT SOME OF THEIR INK...
ZOW


AH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! MR. SQUID'S INK ■ *FIVE* SHADES DARKER! SQUIDLET HAS BEEN SIGNING *HIS OWN REPORT CARD!*
SO THAT'S IT! I'LL FIX THE LITTLE *INK* NORAMUS!
G—GOLLY!


NOT HERE, MR. SQUID! GO TO THE BLACKBOARD, SQUIDLET!
HA! SO THE YOUNG OCTOPUSSY IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN? IS THAT WHY YE SENT FER ME, MISS CRAWFISH?
WAHHHH!

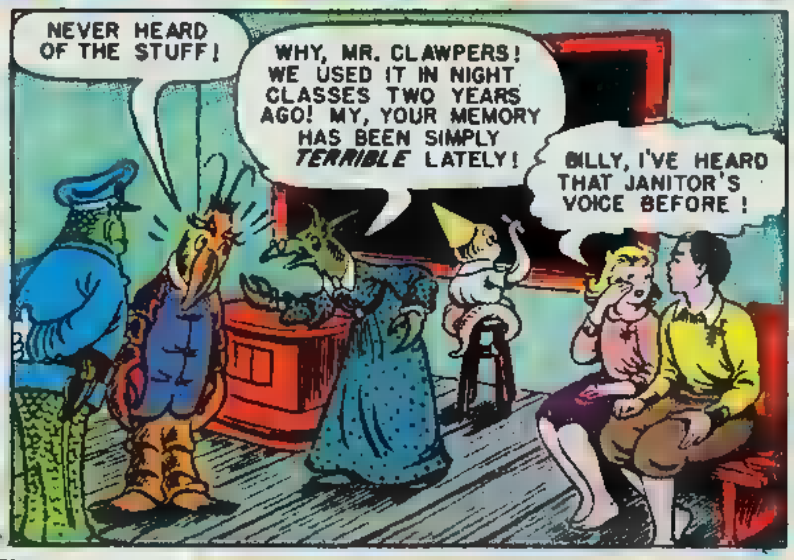

NO, MR. BULLFISH! I JUST DISCOVERED THAT OUR BIG MAP OF *THE LAND OF THE LOST* IS MISSING! I'VE SENT FOR THE JANITOR...
NOW DON'T GET EXCITED... *WHISHT!* WHERE DID THAT YOUNG DUNCE GET THE CHALK HE'S WRITING WITH? IT'S *PHOSPHOR—ESCENT!*

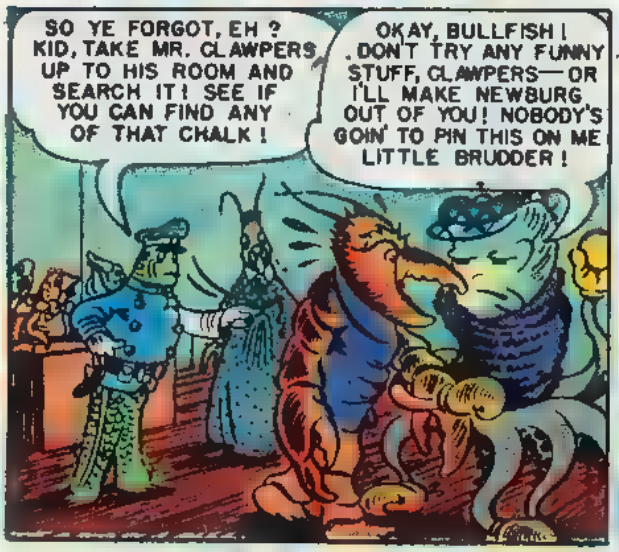

WHY, I NEVER NOTICED! THIS SCHOOL IS THE ONLY PLACE IN THE KINGDOM THAT *HAS* ANY! WE HAVE ONLY ONE PACKAGE LEFT, AND IT'S NEVER BEEN OPENED!
WHERE DID YE GET THAT CHALK, SQUIDLET?

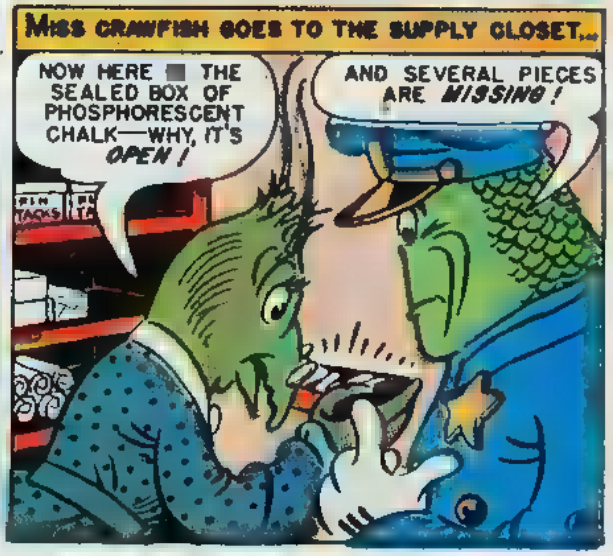

I—I FOUND IT! D—DOWN NEAR CLAM HOLLOW! I P—PICKED IT OFF THE GROUND!
A LIKELY STORY!
EXCUSE ME—BUT ISN'T THE STOLEN MAP MORE IMPORTANT THAN A PIECE OF CHALK?

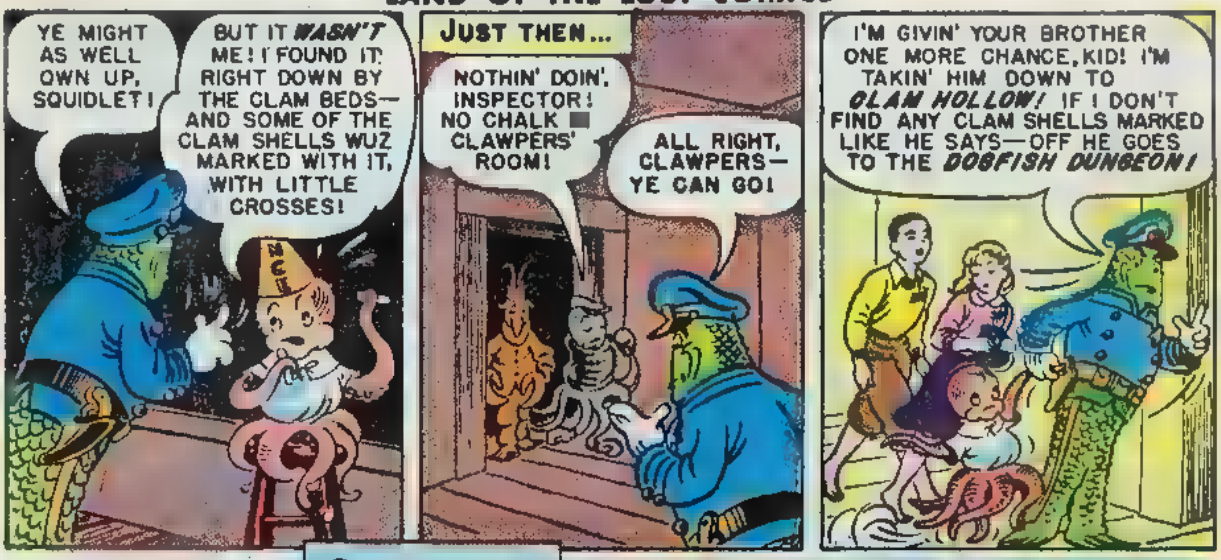
AND AT THAT MOMENT...
SOMEBODY SEND FOR ME?
YES—AND IT'S ABOUT TIME, MR. CLAWPERS! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A MAP BEING TAKEN FROM THAT RACK?

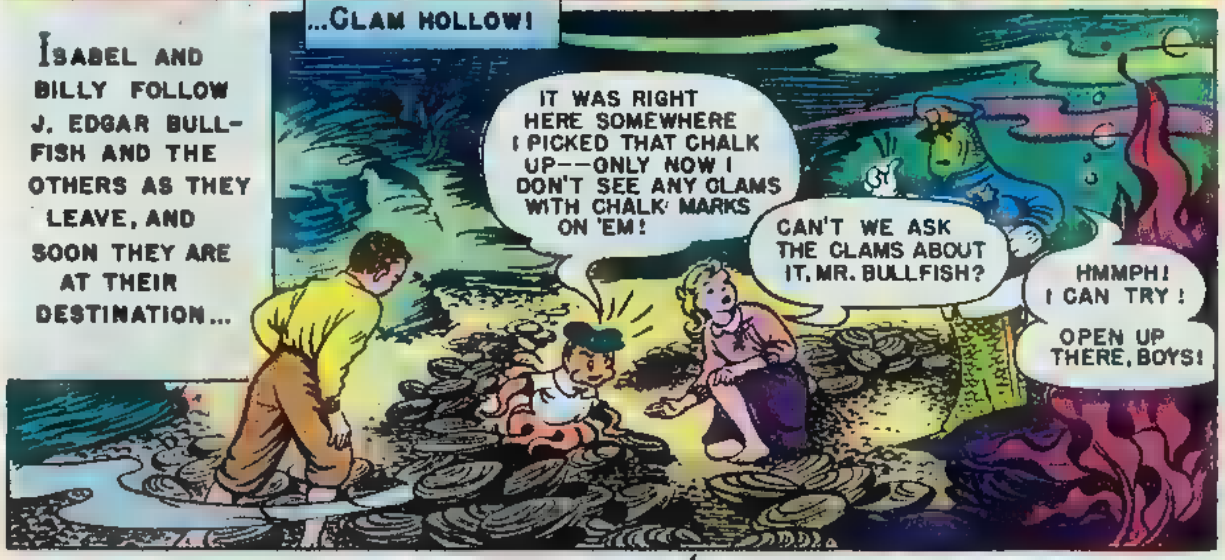
MAP? DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT!
TELL ME, CLAWPERS;—HAVE YE NOW, OR HAVE YE EVER HAD, ANY PHOSPHORESCENT CHALK IN YER POSSESSION?

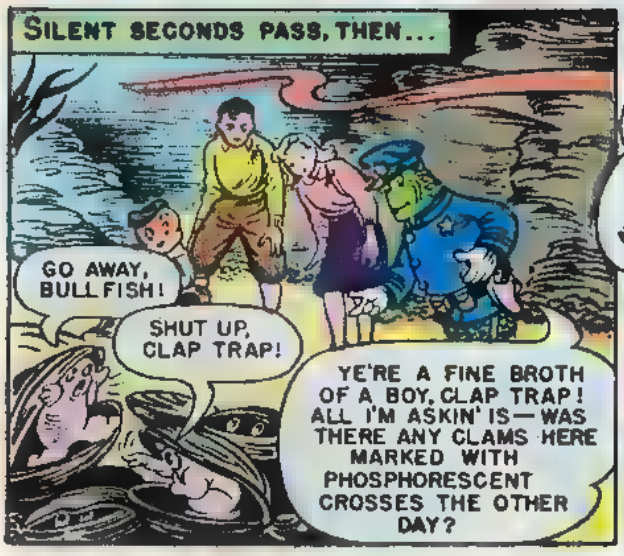

NEVER HEARD OF THE STUFF!
WHY, MR. CLAWPERS! WE USED IT IN NIGHT CLASSES TWO YEARS AGO! MY, YOUR MEMORY HAS BEEN SIMPLY *TERRIBLE* LATELY!
BILLY, I'VE HEARD THAT JANITOR'S VOICE BEFORE!

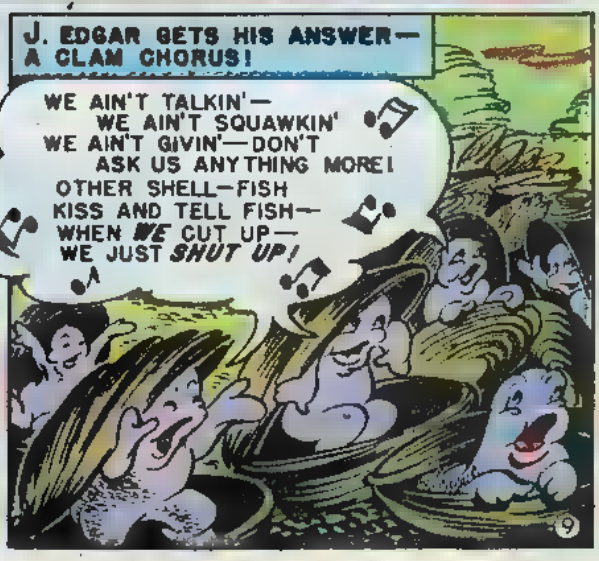

SO YE FORGOT, EH? KID, TAKE MR. CLAWPERS UP TO HIS ROOM AND SEARCH IT! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY OF THAT CHALK!
OKAY, BULLFISH! DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF, CLAWPERS—OR I'LL MAKE NEWBURG OUT OF YOU! NOBODY'S GOIN' TO PIN THIS ON ME LITTLE BRUDDER!

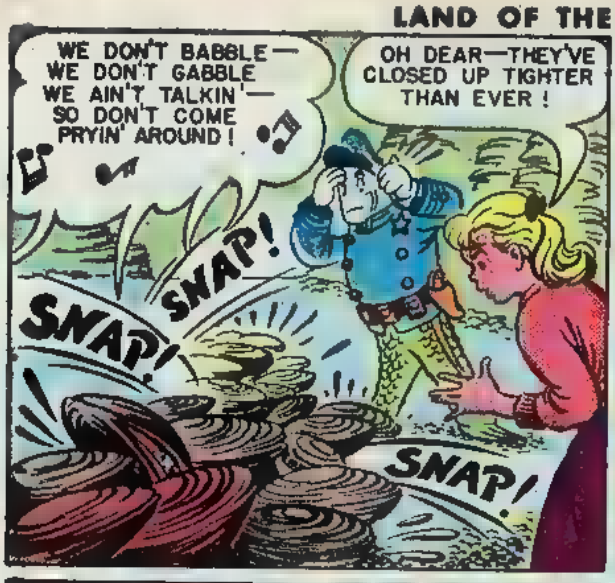

MISS CRAWFISH GOES TO THE SUPPLY CLOSET...
NOW HERE THE SEALED BOX OF PHOSPHORESCENT CHALK—WHY, IT'S *OPEN!*
AND SEVERAL PIECES ARE *MISSING!*

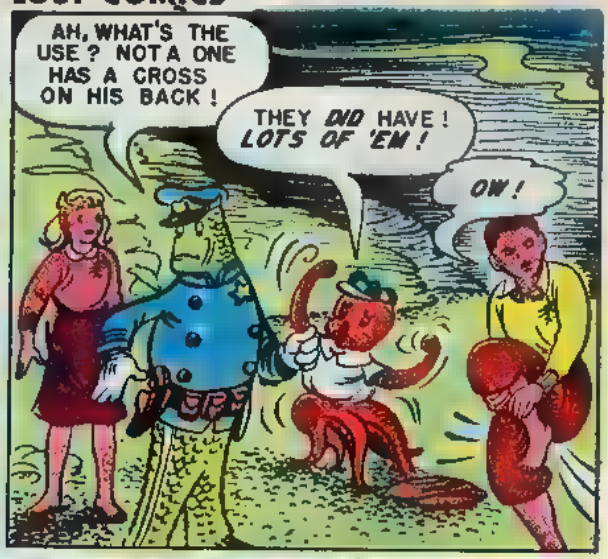

YE MIGHT AS WELL OWN UP, SQUIDLET!
BUT IT WASN'T ME! I FOUND IT RIGHT DOWN BY THE CLAM BEDS— AND SOME OF THE CLAM SHELLS WUZ MARKED WITH IT, WITH LITTLE CROSSES!
JUST THEN...
NOTHIN' DOIN', INSPECTOR! NO CHALK ■ CLAWPERS' ROOM!
ALL RIGHT, CLAWPERS— YE CAN GO!
I'M GIVIN' YOUR BROTHER ONE MORE CHANCE, KID! I'M TAKIN' HIM DOWN TO CLAM HOLLOW! IF I DON'T FIND ANY CLAM SHELLS MARKED LIKE HE SAYS—OFF HE GOES TO THE DOGFISH DUNGEON!


ISABEL AND BILLY FOLLOW J. EDGAR BULLFISH AND THE OTHERS AS THEY LEAVE, AND SOON THEY ARE AT THEIR DESTINATION...
...CLAM HOLLOW!
IT WAS RIGHT HERE SOMEWHERE I PICKED THAT CHALK UP—ONLY NOW I DON'T SEE ANY CLAMS WITH CHALK MARKS ON 'EM!
CAN'T WE ASK THE CLAMS ABOUT IT, MR. BULLFISH?
HMMPH! I CAN TRY!
OPEN UP THERE, BOYS!

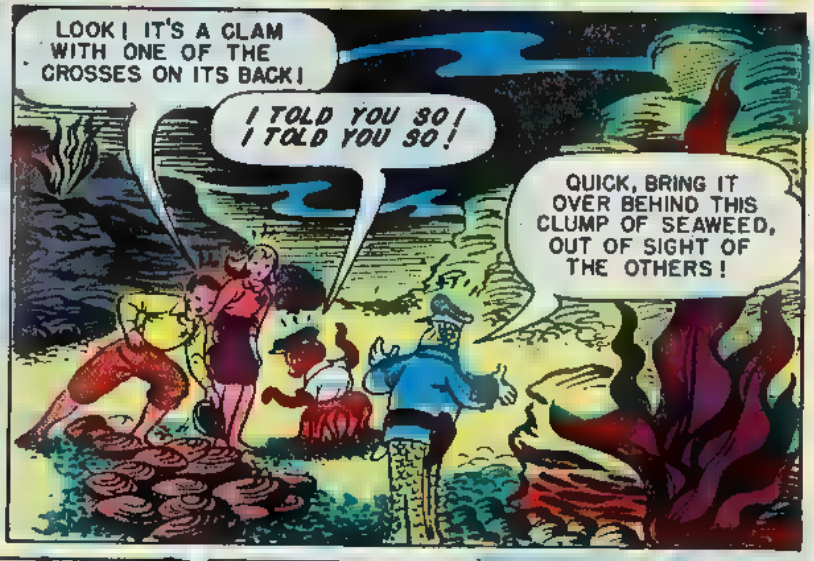

SILENT SECONDS PASS, THEN...
GO AWAY, BULLFISH!
SHUT UP, CLAP TRAP!
YE'RE A FINE BROTH OF A BOY, CLAP TRAP! ALL I'M ASKIN' IS—WAS THERE ANY CLAMS HERE MARKED WITH PHOSPHORESCENT CROSSES THE OTHER DAY?


J. EDGAR GETS HIS ANSWER— A CLAM CHORUS!
WE AIN'T TALKIN'— WE AIN'T SQUAWKIN' WE AIN'T GIVIN'—DON'T ASK US ANYTHING MORE! OTHER SHELL-FISH KISS AND TELL FISH— WHEN WE CUT UP— WE JUST SHUT UP!


WE DON'T BABBLE— WE DON'T GABBLE WE AIN'T TALKIN'— SO DON'T COME PRYIN' AROUND!
OH DEAR—THEY'VE CLOSED UP TIGHTER THAN EVER!
SNAP!
SNAP!
SNAP!

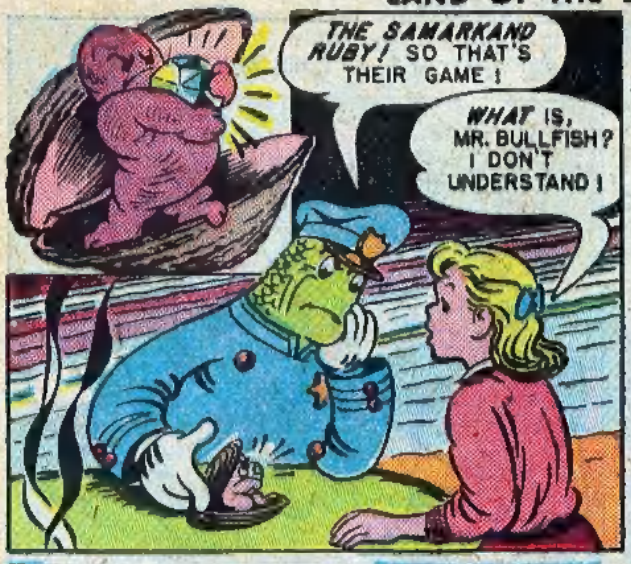

AH, WHAT'S THE USE? NOT A ONE HAS A CROSS ON HIS BACK!
THEY DID HAVE! LOTS OF 'EM!
OW!

DOGGONE IT! SOMETHING NIPPED MY ANKLE! I MUST HAVE STEPPED ON A CLAM BURIED IN THE SAND... SAY! LOOK HERE!


LOOK! IT'S A CLAM WITH ONE OF THE CROSSES ON ITS BACK!
I TOLD YOU SO! I TOLD YOU SO!
QUICK, BRING IT OVER BEHIND THIS CLUMP OF SEAWEED, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE OTHERS!

NOW, ME BOY— OPEN IT UP QUICK, BEFORE IT KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING!
LIKE— LIKE THIS!

OOOF—SURE IS HARD TO OPEN... AH, THAT DOES IT!
OKAY—YA GOT ME!
MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS ALIVE! LOOK WHAT'S INSIDE!


THE SAMARKAND RUBY! SO THAT'S THEIR GAME!
WHAT IS, MR. BULLFISH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WHY, 'TIS CLEAR AS WATER IN A WELL! THE CLAMS SQUIDLET SAW ARE GONE. THEY MUST HAVE HAD PRECIOUS STONES IN 'EM TOO! THE THIEF HAS BEEN BRINGIN' THE JEWELS HERE...

... THEN HE HIDES THEM IN SHELLS AND MARKS THE SHELLS — SO SOME-ONE ELSE CAN TAKE 'EM AWAY WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR!
HEY! SOMEBODY'S COMING! WE BETTER DUCK DOWN OUT OF SIGHT!

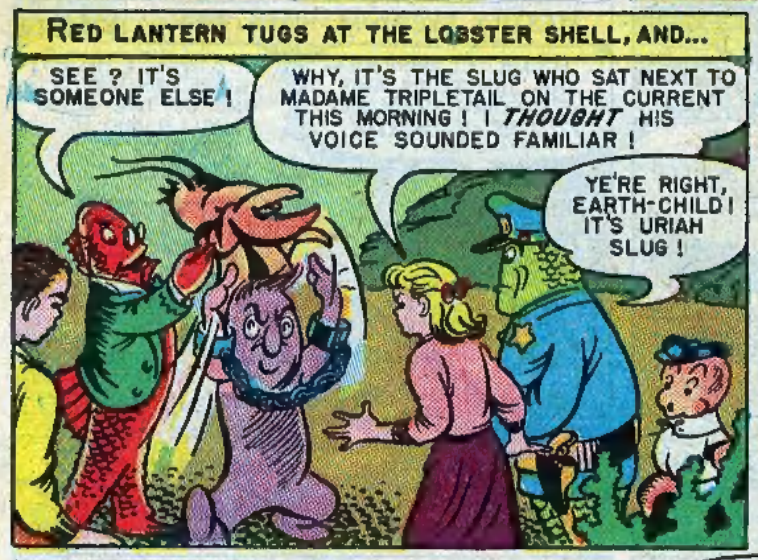
HASTILY EVERYONE HIDES, AND...
IT'S MR. CLAWPERS — THE JANITOR! AND HE'S GOING STRAIGHT TO THE CLAMBEDS!
GEE WHIZ! HE PUT SOMETHING INTO ONE OF THE CLAM-SHELLS AND IS MARKING IT WITH A CROSS!
PSSST!

THAT'S OUR MAN! PUT 'EM UP, CLAWPERS! YOU'LL BOIL FOR THIS!
OH NO, YOU DON'T!
HELP!! MURDER!

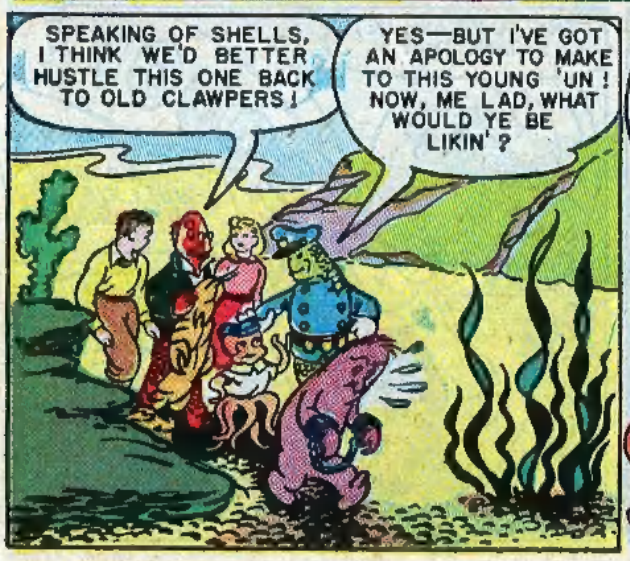
TRY TO SLASH ME, EH? TAKE THAT!
OOOOF!
HANG ON, BULLFISH! I'M COMING!

I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, BULLFISH!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, RED—I'VE GOT THE FIN-CUFFS ON HIM!
BEGORRAH! I NEVER THOUGHT OLD CLAWPERS HAD SO MUCH FIGHT IN HIM!

HE HASN'T! THIS ISN'T CLAWPERS—IT'S JUST HIS *SHELL!*


RED LANTERN TUGS AT THE LOBSTER SHELL, AND...
SEE? IT'S SOMEONE ELSE!
WHY, IT'S THE SLUG WHO SAT NEXT TO MADAME TRIPLETAIL ON THE CURRENT THIS MORNING! I *THOUGHT* HIS VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR!
YE'RE RIGHT, EARTH-CHILD! IT'S URIAH SLUG!

WE HAD A GOOD RACKET, STEALIN' TREASURES! NOW IT'S RUINED!
COME ALONG, YOU! YOU'LL BE SPENDIN' THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN A SOLITARY SHELL AT DEVIL-FISH ISLAND!


SPEAKING OF SHELLS, I THINK WE'D BETTER HUSTLE THIS ONE BACK TO OLD CLAWPERS!
YES—BUT I'VE GOT AN APOLOGY TO MAKE TO THIS YOUNG 'UN! NOW, ME LAD, WHAT WOULD YE BE LIKIN'?

COULD—COULD I BE AN UNDESEA COP WHEN I GROW UP AND HAVE A PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL FOR EACH ARM?
EACH ARM? WHEW! THAT'S *EIGHT* PISTOLS YE'LL BE NEEDIN! BUT YE MIGHT AT THAT, LAD—YE MIGHT AT THAT!

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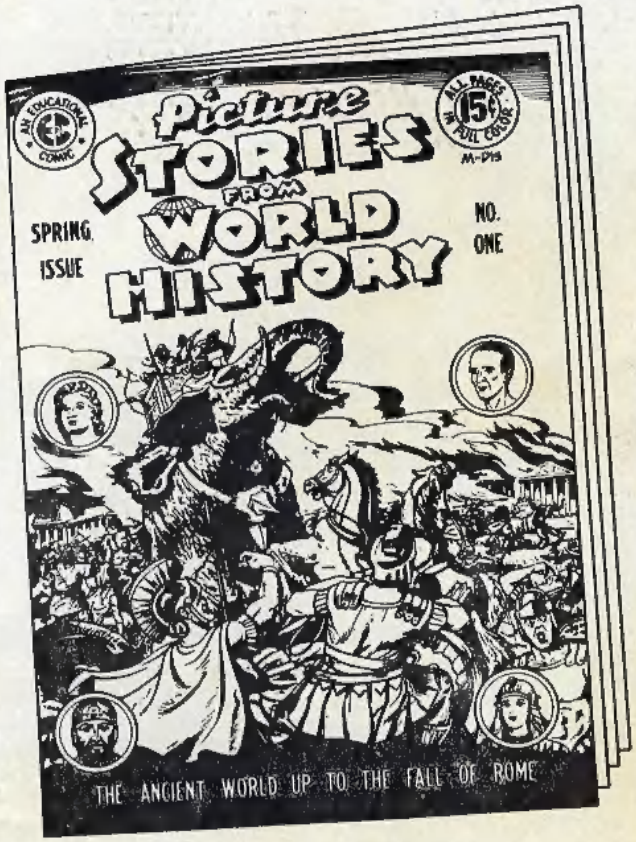

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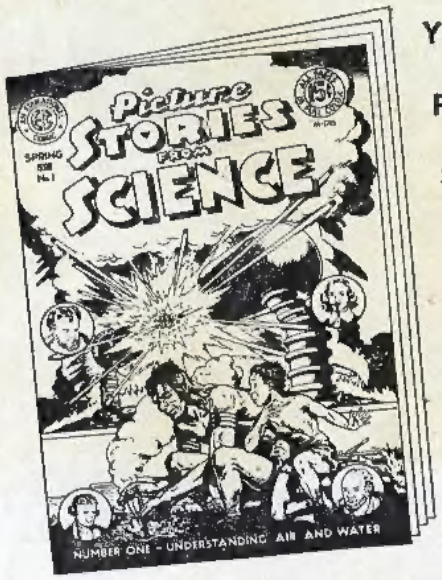

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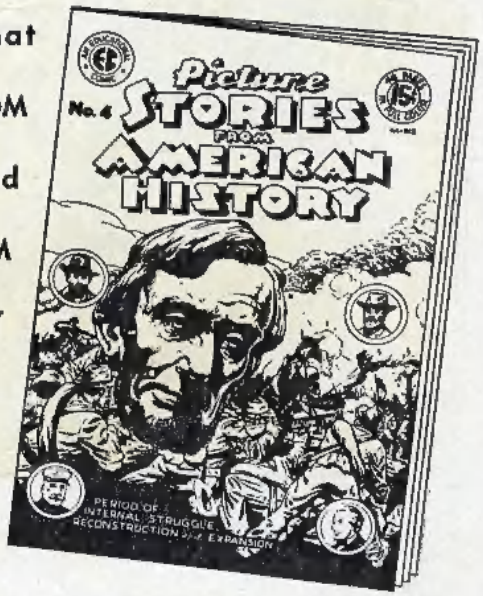

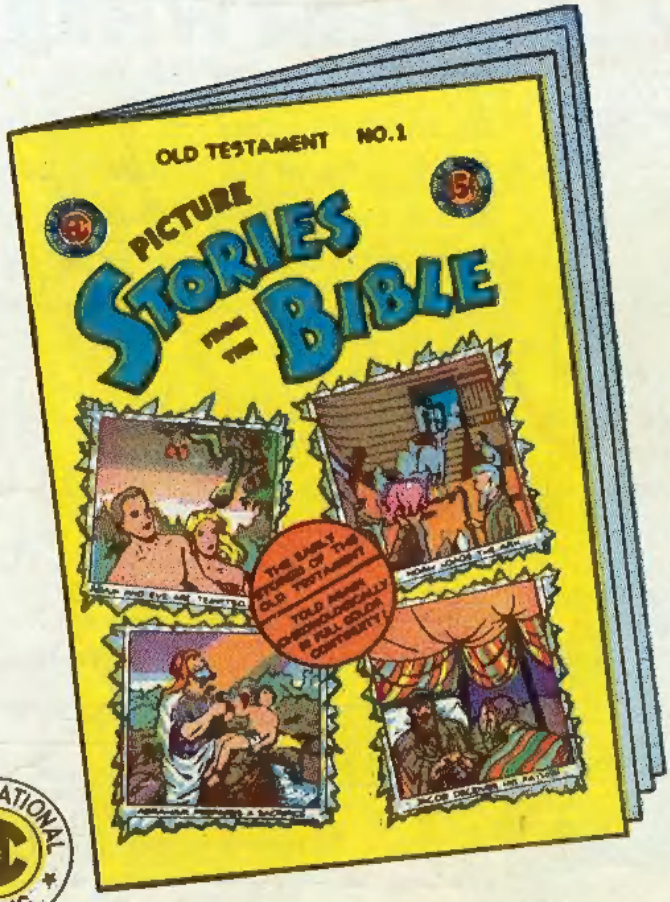

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